

The Ephesian Matron -



The Cimmerian Matron -



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THE
Epheſian and Cimmerian
MATRONS,
Two Notable
EXAMPLES
OF THE
POWER
OF
Love & Wit.

*Scilicet expectas, ut tradas Mater honeſtos,
Aut alios Mores, quam quos habes?*

Juvenal Satyr 6.

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Epiphany

MASTERS

Two Noble

EXAMPLES

OF THE

POWER

Sealed

Love

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A
LETTER
CONCERNING
The Ephesian
MATRON:
To a Person of Honour.

Noble SIR,

TO let you see what absolute So-
veraignty you have over me,
and how little power I have to
obey, even the strongest inclinations of
my own Genius, when your commands
have once told me, I must apply my self
to complaisance with Yours; I have
struggled hard to master my natural aver-
sion to Writing, and for a day or two
taken up my long discontinued Pen;
A
choosing

choosing for my Argument, a short Story, such, Whose Truth might supply the barrenness of my Invention, and whose pleasantness renders both the harshness of my style, and the morosity of my humour, the less offensive. It concerns a beautiful and good natured Creature, whose Adventures have been thought so memorable, that time it self hath not been able to sink them in that Abyss of oblivion, in which, many potent Monarchs have been swallowed up; nor have many great Scholars, and eminent Wits, thought it beneath the dignity of their Pens, to transmit the memory of them to posterity.

I cannot tell you the Womans name; my Authors having been in that point unanimously silent; but you may call her, if you please, the Wandering Greek: for, she hath visited more Countries, than Queen Christina, (who, though now naturalized a Roman, doth yet retain much of the Goth and Vandal) and
is

is perfect in more Languages. After I had seen her in the Greek, Roman, German and French habits, and observed such a natural comeliness, as made her appear lovely and pleasant in each dress, that ingenious Foreigners had clad her in; and been assured by some of them, that even Printes had sometimes made her a Favourite: I had a humour also to put her into our English garb, that you might be acquainted with her, and judge, whether that be not as becoming and graceful as any of the rest. If I have set her forth in an equipage somewhat too grave and solemn, according to the fashion of my own phansie, which is most delighted with sad colours, and plain useful garments; so that she may now seem the Mistress rather of a Philosopher than of a Courtier: it was, because I would not have her appear altogether a stranger, and ignorant of the mode of the time, wherein the greatest levity and licentiousness, is commonly wrapt up in

the most austere looks, and sober formality of dress; and Lasciviousness generally usurps the long veil of Modesty. I have not furnished her with Jewels, and made her shine with gaudy Ornaments, both because I had none of my own, and because I think them fit only for such, who wanting native Beauty enough to fill the beholders sight, avert him from discerning their defects, by catching his eyes with the lustre of Pearl, Diamonds and Rubies; whereas this our Matron is so largely beholding to the bounty of Nature, that she scorns the mean charity of Art; and you may as soon perswade her to turn Adamite, as to make use of precious Stones. Yet I'll promise you, her Linnen is fine, clean, and white, though plain and unstarched. And because she is a Mourner, I have accoutred her in a sable Veil: which she pulls down, as often as she hath occasion to hide her blushes; and turns up again, when she is pleased to be more free, and discover the charms of her smiles.

Nor

" Nor can I tell you precisely her Age, though I guess it to be near upon that of the Roman Empire, which is, by some hundreds of years, elder than the Wandering Jew. But, let not that discourage you; for she is yet youthful, sprightly, and gamesome, and hath not a wrinkle in her face; insomuch, that a Gentleman, who surprized me, with her in my company, would not be perswaded but she was my daughter. Besides, what is immortal (as she seems to be) must, you know, be ever young and flourishing.

As for her Religion, I confess also, I can give you no certain account of it, because (contrary to the custom of most of her sex) she is very reserved in that particular. Yet, if I may have the liberty of conjecturing from some Actions of hers, I should take her to be of old Epicurius's Faith, following the simple dictates of mother-Nature, and living by the plain rule of her own Inclinations; as holding it a contradiction, to be born under

one Law, and to another bound : or
else a Sister of the family of Love,
which scruples at no freedom with a san-
ctified Brother, and justifies her famili-
arity with fervency of Zeal, and sug-
gestions of the Spirit. Do not you there-
fore conceive her to be a Vestal, or one
that resolves to pervert the purpose of Na-
ture, and hath abjured the end of her
Creation ; albeit you see her in a Vault, in
a lamenting posture, and with a small Ta-
per burning by her : For really, she is a
Cyprian Nun, consecrated to the God-
dess of Pleasure, inflamed with zeal of
Priapus : She is furnished with an Al-
tar, with Incense, and with Fire too, and
wants only a Priest to come and animate
her Sacrifice.

For her Humour, you will find her
in all things a perfect Woman, a little
subject to changes, seldom out of ex-
treams ; weeping and smiling in a
breath, leaping at once out of a Charnel-
house into a Nuptial-bed ; soon quitting

a violent grief for a good Husband lately deceased, for to solace in the embraces of a new Love; this moment, in the bottom of despair, and the next in the height of fruition; now endeavouring to destroy her self, and anon, doing her devoir to procreate another, and give Being to posterity; too wise to refuse a good proffer, or neglect a fair opportunity; highly sweet and obliging upon occasion, even to a stranger, and at first interview, full of frankness and endearments, where she affects; forward to excuse and palliate the errors of her friend, and admirably witty, in projecting a way to avert suddain danger threatening him. And what would you more from a Woman?

Notwithstanding all these excellent qualities, let me not only desire, but also conjure you, to imprison her in your private Cabinet, so that she may be seen by no eyes but your own. Not that you need be jealous of either her chastity or reputation; for, the one is proof against the

corruptions even of Peter Arentine himself, if he were alive and conversant with her; and she hath cunning enough of her own to preserve the other: but, for fear she meet with affronts from the Ladies, who will never be reconciled to a Woman that is so weak, as to betray the frailties, and lay open the secrets of her own Sex. Besides that, she is a professed Enemy to their own darling, Platonick-Love; and ingeniously confesseth, she knows no flames, but such as arise from the difference of Sex, and are kindled in the blood, and other luxuriant humours of the body: and that her Amours always tend to the propagation of somewhat more Material, than the simple Ideas of vertue, of which our Philosophical Ladies so much talk. Which heretical doctrine, if they once hear her preach, 'tis not all the Armies in the world shall protect her from suffering the fate of Orpheus; nor shall you, Sir, with all your good language, and other ingratiating Arts, be able

able to vindicate her cause, or secure your
self from the hateful brand of a Woman-
hater. As therefore you value this Ephe-
sian's free conversation, or the favour of
Ladies, be sure you keep her to your self;
but, if you will needs shew your self to be
of the number of those open-breasted
men, who think no pleasure compleat,
until they have boasted of it; yet, at
least, be so just to the sacred Laws of
friendship, as never to reveal who
brought her into England, only for your
private recreation; and then leave her
adversaries to consult their grand Oracle
Lilly, how to find out,

Most honoured Sir,

Your most

Humble Servant.



The Epheſian

MATRON.



Certain Merchants
Daughter of *Ephe-*
ſus, having been
long gazed upon
by the admiring
Youths of that po-
pulous and wealthy
City, and ſought in marriage by many,
whoſe ample Fortunes encouraged
them to hope for ſucceſs, anſwerable to
their deſires, (which could not be but
juſt and commendable, ſince fixed up-
on an Object, whom an incomparable
Beauty, an ingenious Soul, vertuous
Education, and that uſual attendant of
all theſe, an honourable Fame, had con-
ſpired to make an extraordinary Perſon)
This *Virgin*, I ſay, was at length eſpouſ-
ed to a young *Gentleman*, in whom no-
thing was wanting that could be requi-
red,

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red, to make him accomplish and amiable, especially in her eye, who loved him with equal ardours; and thought of no felicity, but in his mutual affections and society. So that all men (his envious Rivals only excepted) expected the perfection of mortal happiness to arise from so rare a union.

But, observe *unconstancy of human felicity*; This pair of *Turtles* had not long enjoyed the pleasures of each others conversation, when Fate (seldom long propitious to Lovers) steps in, and divides them, by the eternal divorce of death; translating the Husband into a state of more durable delights, and leaving the poor widdowed Lady in the arms of a distracting grief, too excessive to fall under the description of the most tragical Pen; and indeed so violent, as would soon have sufficed to the destruction of so delicate and tender a Nature, as hers was, had not her resolution to see her *dearest All* (so she called him) laid into his Tomb, with such Funeral Pomp, and solemn Obsequies, as were agreeable both to his quality, and her sorrow; somewhat conducing to her preservation. Which yet was but an accidental preservative,
and

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and such, whose effect she could not directly aim at; all the faculties of her wounded soul being wholly taken up with the image of her loss, and excluding all light of comfort, but those weak and faint glimpses that arose in her darksome imagination, from her hopes to make haste and overtake him who was gone before.

But alas! I speak much to the diminution of her fidelity, when I call them *Hopes*; they were advanced to full *Resolutions*, and those made unalterable, by the sanction of a solemn *vow*, to outdo the malice of death; and by a speedy re-union of her spirit with his, in the *Elyzium*, to regain that content in the other World, which the cruelty of the gods had raviſht from her in this. And according to this too rigorous *Vow*, she refuseth all nourishment, admitting nothing into her mouth but the cold air, and tears unceſſantly diſtilling from her once bright and ſparkling, but now dim and blubber'd eyes; and this, notwithstanding the importunities of her Parents and Friends on one ſide, and the neceſſities of Nature on the other, urging her to commiſerate and relieve her ſelf. In this ſad condition ſhe continued

tinted three whole days and nights, abhorring all objects but what her grief presented, and keeping her confused remembrance perpetually upon the Rack, to afford her the images of her past felicities, that might aggravate the resentments of her present misery. Which yet being (as she thought) insufficient to exalt her sorrows to the height of destroying her, she privately conveys her self into the Vault, where the remains of her Husband had been newly laid, and there sits down upon the damp earth, with her eyes fixt upon his Coffin, lest her thoughts might chance to wander from their proper object.

It was great wonder that Nature
Might suffer any creature
To have such sorowe, and she not dead;
Full piteous pale, and nothing red.
She said a lay, a maner songe,
Withoutt note, withouten song;
And was this, for full well I can
Reherse it, right thus it began.

I have of sorowe so great wone,
That joy get I never none;
Nowe that I se my Husband bright,
Whiche I have loved with all my might,
Is fro me dead, and is agone.
And thus in sorowe left me alone,
Alas Dethe, what yealeth the,
That thou woldest have taken me?

This

This (you'll say) was a rare demonstration of a *Woman's constancy*, and ought not to be past over without admiration, and an acknowledgement, that this vertuous *Matron* well deserved to wear a Garland, in that Troop of *Heroical Wives*, who's coming to survive their better part, their Husbands, are honoured by posterity, as examples of singular faith, and conjugal amity. And I shall also ingenuously confess, that her love must needs be great, which transported her to so generous a pitch of sorrow, and bravery of resolution. I presume moreover, that your pity is already risen to that height, that are concerned in her danger; and that you would most gladly run into the Vault, to save her from a death so cruel, so imminent. But alas, she is resolved upon it, and your humanity would but degenerate into a prolongation of her afflictions. For, in life she knew no content, but in the society of her Love, whose mortal part was now in the cold fetters of an everlasting sleep; and therefore remains holy incapable of any the least consolation, unless from this, that she may be hastned in her journey, to meet and embrace his beloved Ghost.

If

If therefore your commiseration will do any thing towards her comfort and repose, pray exercise it in killing her; and let the kindness of your sword suddenly prevent the lingering tortures of her famine and laments. But I know you are too good-natured to have her die; and you suppose her, after all this, capable of being reconciled to life, were the only way to make her and her whole Sex base you. What then is to be done in order to her Rescue? Why, have but patience a little, and you shall see how miraculously ~~Fortune~~ hath contrived to gratify you and other her friends, in her preservation.

It hapned, that on the very same day her Husbands funeral rites were solemnized, and his Corps set into the Vault amongst his Ancestors, there was a notorious malefactor executed; and his body left upon the Gibbet; the better to strike terror into others, and by the example of this infamous punishment, to raise in the hearts of all the Spectators, a due abomination of the like crimes. And lest any of the Villain's relations or confederates, should take down the mangled Carcass, and convey it away to burial privily in the night;

night; Proclamation was made to the contrary, at command of the Magistrate; and a guard of Soldiers consigned to watch it, with the penalty of no less than death to such of them, as should through carelessness, drowsiness, or absence, be failing in that their duty. Now night being come, the Soldiers thinking one was enough to attend that easie charge, fall to casting lots among themselves, who should undertake it; and the lot falling upon one, of whose vigilancy the rest had no reason to doubt, they all withdrew themselves into a Tavern neer at hand, the better to secure themselves from the cold, and rawness of the night, leaving that one to perform the Duty.

They were no sooner gone, when this *Sentinel* also, feeling himself pinched by the cold, and confident none would hazard so dear a thing as life, in stealing away the torn carcass of a Rogue, be-thinks himself of shelter and rest: and remembring there was a certain spacious arched Vault (the very same our *Mourner* had obscured her self in) under-neath the Temple, over against which the Gibbet was erected, he retires into it, conducted thither, doubtless

less, by the invisible hand of his good Angel.

Being entred into the mouth of the Vault, his eyes were instantly saluted with the beams of a small and weak light, that shone from the farthest end of it; at sight whereof he was surprized with a suddain fit of horreur, which lessening by degrees, (as all terrible objects are greatest, at first glance of the eye upon them) his curiosity soon got the upper hand of his fear, and carrieth him nearer and nearer, till at length by the help of that glimmering Taper, which yet had not wholly overcome the gloomy darkness of that dismal place, he could perceive something resembling a *Woman*, in a mournful dress, but with a countenance far more mournful, sitting on the ground, with arms enfolded in the posture of extream sorrow, and her head carelessly drooping, as if it were desirous and ready to fall upon the Coffin placed at her feet. Having a while stood wondring at this strange and doleful spectacle, and considering with himself, that it could not be a meer Apparition; all those stories of Ghosts, Spectres, and Devils in humane shape, being but the politick Fi-
gions

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tions of Rulers and Priests, to keep the vulgar honest in the dark, and by fear to deter such from vice, who would not pursue vertue meerly for love of it: he banisheth all apprehensions of terror, and boldly advanceth to the Taper. The impediment of distance, which before permitted him but an obscure and imperfect sight of what his wonder had directed him unto, now removed; the soldier takes a full view of the distressed Lady, and soon finds his Sense had not been deluded by a phantasm; and that she was a real woman, as at first glance he had apprehended her to be. Nor could the Eclipse of her sorrow and dejection hinder, but he might easily discern a certain charming lustre irradiating the rare features of her face, together with an awful and majestic sweetness, such as is wont to strike respect and secret adoration into the hearts of the beholders; and being the inseparable adjunct of singular beauty, cannot be concealed by the most altering disguise of the extreamest passion. Here the Divinity of her form surprizing his Soul, on one side; and the prodigious equipage he saw her in distracting it, on the other: the man was overwhelmed.

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whelmed with amazement, and wanted not much of becoming a statue. But, the light of his reason by little and little breaking through those clouds, and dispersing them, he resumes his courage and resolves to speak to her. Which as he was about to do, it chanced, that lifting up her wearied head, and opening the curtains of her eyes, (which till then had remained let down) to give them some ease by change of posture, she perceived a Man or Ghost (for as yet she could not distinguish) standing before her.

For her sorowe, and holy thought
 Made her that, she herde him nought.
 For she had weelnye lost her mind,
 Though Dan, that men clepeth gad of kind,
 Were for her sorowes never so wrothe.
 But at the last, to saun right sothe,
 She was ware of him, how he stood,
 Before her, and bid of his hood,
 And had ygreit her, as best he coude,
 Debonairely, and nothing loud.

As Reverend Chaucer in his Dream:

She startled a little at the unexpected light, but being wholly intent upon her sorrow, and strongly possessed with a conceit, that the worst of evils that her nature was capable of, had already be-
 fallen

fallen her; that if he were a *Ghost*, he could have no other errand to her, but to invite and hasten her to the place, whither her *dearest* Mate was gone before; and if a *Man*, he could not be so void of humanity, as to disturb the quiet of her innocent grief. These reflections (I say) quickly recomposed her, so that she was able to demand an account of him of his being there. Which she did in this manner.

"Friend, said she, (and certainly, "whatsoever you are, you can be no o-
"ther to me, who can have no enemy
"but life) would you say anything with
"me? If so, pray speak it freely; I
"am not afraid to hear the worst tidings
"you can bring. Fate hath shot the
"most bloody and mortal of all its
"Arrows into me already; and all that
"are to follow will be but favours. My
"misery, though great, hath yet this
"comfort annexed to it, that it cannot
"possibly be greater. Lo, here, (point-
"ing to the Coffin) here lies my Heart,
"dead and cold as marble; and if I
"seem to be alive, it is only because
"the soul of sorrow animates me a
"while, till I have prepared my self to

“descend a sitting Shade, to attend his,
 “who by this time expects me. But if
 “on'y *Chance* hath brought you hither,
 “why do you not be gone? What
 “wrong have I ever done you, that
 “should make you thus envy me the
 “peace of this solitary room, a place
 “sacred, and peculiar only to the dead?
 “And (you know) that for any, but
 “Mourners, to intrude into their Dor-
 “mitories, is a prophanation not easily
 “expiated. Pray therefore, before you
 “become further guilty, depart, and
 “leave me to accomplish that sacrifice,
 “my Fidelity and Vow oblige me to
 “offer in this place.

To this (delivered with something
 of anger, and as much vehemence, as
 the weakness of her half-starved body
 would permit) the *Souldier* modestly
 returns: “That no design at least, con-
 “cerning her, but meer adventure, had
 “led him into that place, where he
 “conceived nothing but horror and
 “unwholesome damps had resided;
 “That the sight of a woman there, at
 “that dead time of the night, alone,
 “and in that strange posture too, was
 “sufficient to excuse his admiration,
 “and

"and that to excuse his curiosity, for
 "the satisfaction of which he had ap-
 "proach'd her. That if therein he had,
 "contrary to his intent, been an occa-
 "sion of disturbance to her, in the per-
 "formance of those dismal Rites, her
 "afflicted imagination had caused her
 "to please her self withal, (what they
 "were, he knew not) he was ready to
 "aske her pardon for that his misfor-
 "tune. And as for any offense to the
 "Manes of those, whose bodies were
 "there deposited, he conceived himself
 "wholly innocent, as comming thither
 "with no such black purpose, as to dis-
 "lodge their Reliques, or violate their
 "Sepulchres. Lastly, that if his pre-
 "sence were ungrateful to her, (to
 "whom he heartily wished a serenity of
 "mind, equal to the sweetness of her
 "person) he was ready to depart, not-
 "withstanding the tenderness of his dis-
 "position made him have some sympa-
 "thy in her afflictions, and urged him
 "to offer her that succour, which he
 "was able to afford. Which yet, he
 "confessed, could not be great, consi-
 "dering the vast disparity betwixt the
 "meanness of his condition, and rude-
 "ness of education, on his part, and the

"wise counsel, and consolatory argu-
 "ments he found requisite, on hers.
 "However, if his diligence, yea, if his
 "life, might be any way serviceable
 "to her, she should freely command
 "him. And having said thus, here-
 "mained silent.

Lo how goodly spake this Knight,
 As if it had be another wight,
 And made it neither tough ne queint.

Here the *Lady* somewhat touched
 with the great humanity and gentle-
 ness of the Man, whom by his Arms
 she perceived to be a Soldier, and so had
 admitted some apprehensions of a re-
 turn more rough and agreeable to the
 manners of those of his profession and
 rank, was offering to rise up, and dis-
 miss him with thanks due to his civili-
 ty; when her macerated and languish-
 ing body, and her exhausted spirits fail-
 ing to be obedient to her soul, she sunk
 down in a swoon, and lay speechless and
 enervated, cross her Husbands Coffin.

Which the *honest Fellow* perceiving;
 and fearing she had expired her very
 soul, in that last great sigh that brake
 from her breast, at the instant of her
 fall

fall; he was not a little aſtoniſhed: but yet he had ſo much reaſon left, as haſt-
ned him to endeavour her recovery, by
taking her up in his arms, gently re-
clining her head, and pouring a little
Wine into her mouth, from a Bottle he
had brought with him, wherewith to
fortifie himſelf againſt the cold and
moyleſſneſs of the weather. This ſo re-
paired her defect of ſpirits; that her
heart and arteries renewing their inter-
mitted pulses, ſhe ſoon came to her ſelf
again; but ſo imperfectly, that though
her vitall Organs ſeemed to perform
their offices aright, yet thoſe of volun-
tary motion wholly failed in theirs.
Which the Soldier obſerving, and
concluding with himſelf; that the vir-
tue of that cordial, which infused into
her in a ſmall quantity, had ſo happily
begun his cure, if adminiſtered in a grea-
ter doſe, would not fail to finiſh it; he
ſet the bottle a ſecond time to her
mouth, and forced her to take in a large
draught. The Wine, by reaſon of its
ſubtlety, ſoon diſperſing through her
whole body, and recruiting her ſpirits,
(conſumed by immoderate grief, and
long abſtinence) wrought ſo powerfully
upon her, that ſhe now feels her ſelf not
only

only revived, but in ſome meaſure alſo comforted within her, (O! who can ſufficiently admire the excellency of this divine Liquor?) and her faculty of moving her ſelf reſtored; ſo that, erecting her ſelf upon her legs, ſhe turned to her Phyſitian, and diſpoſing her eyes and countenance into ſuch an aſpect of gentleneſs and ſweetneſs, as intimated to him, ſhe had no ill reſentments of the good offices his charity had done her; without other expreſſion of thankfulneſs, ſhe ſat down to reſpoſe her ſelf upon the Coffin, the unfrequented place affording no other ſeat.

The Man encouraged by the happy ſucceſs of his aſſiſtance, and diſcreetly taking the opportunity of that calm, which he diſcerned the Wine had brought upon both her mind & ſpirits, began with gentle reaſons (for Rhetorical arguments he had none) to make her ſenſible of the extream need ſhe was in of ſome ſpeedy *corporal reſeſtion*: And not being ſo ceremonious, as to ſtay and expect her answer, he inſtantly opens his Knapſack, and produceth ſuch cold and homely Viands, as he, in cleanly manner had laid therein, for his own proviſion: Theſe he tenders to her, in
the

the most humble and decent posture, the incommodities of the time and place would admit of, intreating her, in commiseration of her self, to second the good effect of the Wine, with a bit or two of solid meat; and to dispense with the coarseness both of his diet and service, her safety depending chiefly upon a speedy refreshment, and at the present he was destitute of better accommodation.

Now, whether we ought to ascribe it to the sole hand of *Fate*, which laughs at the vanity of mens resolutions, and by turning our hearts like rivers of water, delights to convince us, *How little that power is, we arrogant Mortals think we have over our selves.* Or, to the benigne and sweetning efficacy of the *Wine*, which (doubtless) is the most sovereign and present Antidote in Nature against excess of sorrow: Or, to the force of the Souldiers *Perswasions*, which, though not delivered with the advantage of smooth and courtly language, appear to have been strong and prevalent: Or, to the secret strokes of *Love*, (as Philosophers call them) which being observed alwaies to wound deepest upon the sodain, and as often
in

in the depth of adversity; as in the height of ease and prosperity, might (for ought we know) be, by the *wanton* god, inflicted upon the Ladie's heart, and so wonderfully recompose all the confusions and disorders of her soul, as at that very instant to tune all her faculties once more to the key of the most sweet and harmonious of all our affections. I say, to which of all these probable causes, (or to the conspiracie of them all together) the Miracle is to be imputed, I confess, I cannot determine; and therefore willingly resigne that nice enquiry to those Sages, who pretend to understand the secrets of Women's hearts. But, so it fell out, that our *Matron* being now able to command a Truce to her sorrow, cheerfully addressed her self to the victuals set before her, and did eat moderately thereof: in the quiet and pleasantness of her looks, sweetly betraying that inward agreableness and delight Nature became sensible of, in that supply which had been too long denied her.

This our *Man of War*, (who, it seems by the story, was no fool) perceiving, and understanding withall, that some reasonable relief from reason and wise counsel

counsel was as requisite, to the re-composure of her disordered mind, as his meet and drink had been, to the instaur-
ation of her infeebl'd body; he be-
thought himself what to say, that
might conduce to the mitigation of her
violent sorrow. And, though he were
no Philosopher, nor Orator, his head
not being altogether so well furnished
with arguments of consolation, as his
Scrip and Bottle had been with Provi-
sion; yet he had so competent a share
of the light of Nature, (which, as ma-
ny wise men hold, shineth alwaies clea-
rest in the darkness of necessity, and
sudden occasions) as directed him
bluntly to tell her, That albeit mode-
rate humiliation of the body, and con-
tristation of spirit, upon the decease of
dear friends and relations, were not to
be disallowed, as being the effects of
that love and respect we bore them in
our lives and pregnant testimonies of
natural affection, without which, Man
degenerateth into the savageness of
beasts: yet an intemperate sorrow, and
afflicting our selves beyond measure, was
not only unreasonable, but also unnatu-
ral; unreasonable, in that it doth as
little avail to the good or benefit of the
dead,

dead, as to the recalling them to life again; they being in a state, which admits of no commerce with, or concernment for the survivors. Unnatural, in that it impairerh the health of the body, and beclouds the brightness of the understanding, both which are the chiefeft treasures of our lives, and every man is bound by the Law of Nature, to endeavour their preservation; as much as in him lies. He added, That if she had suffered her passion to transport her to any such extravagance, as an intent to destroy her self, (as she had seemed to intimate, both by her expressions and deportment in that place, which of it self appeared a fit Scene whereon to act such a Tragedy) she ought with the soonest to retract it. For the greatest crime man could commit, was Murder; and of all Murders, the most detestable was *self-Homicide*, which the Creator did so abominate, as that he Had engraven upon our very Nature, the Law of *Self-preservation*, as if on purpose to prevent it. And should Heaven be so mercifull, as to forgive it, (which was dangerous to presume) yet certainly the Ghost of her Husband would not; since, if he loved her

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her while alive, he could not be pleased with any violence she should offer to her self, but would rather abhor the society of so great a Criminal, among the Shades; at least, if Souls departed hence have any sense or cognizance of the actions of Mortals upon Earth.

The *pious Matron* hearing this, could not refrain from interrupting her counsellor, but replied; That she must acknowledge the truth and weight of his discourses; but yet, (and then she sighed) she had lost such a Jewel of a Husband, as never woman lost. And therefore, if her grief were violent and invincible, she deserved rather pity and excuse, than reprehension and condemnation, both from gods and men. And more she would have said, but that a fresh flood of tears running down her cheeks, robbed her lips of the freedom of their motion.

The *Souldier* seeing this, and fearing a relapse, had immediate recourse to the *Antidote of the Bottle*, of whose cordial juice he had so admirable experience: and without more ado, he holds up her head with one hand, while with the other he drencheth her with a round dose of the remaining liquor: And she

she had no sooner felt the warmth and vigour of it in her stomach, but the fountains of her tears were instantly sealed up, her forehead smoothed, and all her face reduced to its native sweetness: Nay more, this last draught wrought so divinely, that her mind also seemed perfectly restored to its ancient mildness and tranquility, and she became the most affable, compleasant, and chearfull creature in the world, indeed as if a new Soul had been infused into her. This great change considered, who can but fall into a rapture, in thinking of the virtue of Wine, or forbear to repeat father *Sancho's* prayer, that *Providence would never suffer him to want good store of that celestial Nectar*. But, our argument is yet sad, and it imports us to be more serious. For,

Here some witty Disciple of *Epicurus* (arresting us in the middle of our Narration) may take advantage to disparage the *excellency and immortality* of that noble essence, the *reasonable Soul* of man; and from the example of the sovereign operation of the Wine upon this deplorable Lady, thus argue against it.

If our inclinations and wills be so
neerly

neerly dependent upon the humours and temperament of our bodies, as to be, in a manner, the pure and natural consequents or results from them; and that our humours and temperament be so easily and soon variable, according to the various qualities of meats and drinks received into our stomachs; both which seem verified in the instance of this Ephesian Woman, who by the generous quality of the Wine, and nutritive juice of the Meat, was, as it were, in a moment altered in her whole frames of a highly discontented and desperate wretch, becomming a quiet, tractable, and good humour'd creature, quitting her morosity and contumacy in a murderous resolution, for frank affability, yieldingness, and alacrity; Why should not men believe, with his Master *Epicurus*, that the Soul is nothing else but a certain *composition or contexture of subtle Atoms*, in such manner figured and disposed, and natively endowed with such activity, as to animate the body, and actuate all the members and organs of it; or, with *Galen*, that the Soul is but the *Harmony of Elements*, concurring in the composition of the body, at first, and in the same tenour

continued afterward during life, by supplies of the most subtle and refined parts of our nourishment? Especially, if they reflect upon the admirable effects of Wine, which hath the power to alter, not only the temperament of the body, but even that of the mind also; subduing the most refractory and unbridled of all our passions, and raising up others as violent in their room; in a word, so forcibly turning the needle of our affections and inclinations from one extreme to another, and hurrying them from point to point round the whole Compass, as if it were it self a soul; at least, as if it had the sovereignty over the best of souls.

Now if any such weak and prevaricating *Epicurean* shall cast this stumbling-block in our way; though we are loth to leave the Lady, now she is in so good a humour, yet the honour we owe to that *divine substance*, which he endeavours thus vilely to abase, obligeth us to digress a while, and vouchsafe him a short refutation.

Let him know therefore, that every individual man hath two distinct Souls, the one *Rational*, or *Intellectual*, and *Incorruptible*, as being of divine Original,

nal, the breath of the *Creator* : The other only *Sensitive*, produced from the wombs of *Elements* ; common also to brute *Animals*, and therefore capable of dissolution. This latter Soul, (or, more properly, *Spirit*) is the common *Vinculum*, Cement, or Tye, betwixt the celestial and incorporeal nature, of the reasonable Soul, and the terrestriall and corporeal nature of the Body : It is also the immediate organ or instrument, by which the nobler Soul informeth and acteth in the organs of the Body. Now, though we deny not, but the rational Soul, in respect of this her alliance with the Body, is in some degree subject to the Laws of Matter ; and consequently, that the humours and temperament of the Body, have some influence or power to alter and work upon the mind, especially in weak-minded persons, who make no use of the arms of their reason, to encounter and subdue the insurrections and assaults of sensual appetites : Yet cannot we grant, that the impressions which the body makes upon the mind are such, as suffice to question either the Immortality, or derogate from the Sovereignty of the Soul over the Body.

Not the *Immortality* of it ; because, as an Infant in the Mothers womb, though sympathizing with the Mother in all distempers, accidents, and symptoms that befall her, during the time of the Child's connexion to her body ; is yet capable of being, in his due season, separated from her, and emancipated from his first state of compatibility into another of single subsistence : So the Rational Soul, though, during its connexion to the Body, subject to all affections and sufferings thereof, is yet nevertheless capable of being separated, in due season, from the Body, and surviving it to eternity, in a state of simplicity and incompatibility.

Nor the *Sovereignty* of it over the Body ; because, as a Monarch, notwithstanding he hath sovereign and absolute power over his Subjects, may sometimes be inclined by the sway of his servants ; and yet without either subjection of his Person, or diminution of his power : So the Soul, though sometimes the affections of its subject, the Body, may incline or dispose it to assent and compliance : yet doth not that detract from either the excellency of its nature, or the absoluteness of its dominion over the Body. Be-

Besides, all those mutations of the affections, that arise from the variety of humours, and temperament of the Body, whether caused by Diet, Wine, or otherwise, are most anduelly imputed to the *Mind*, or reasonable Soul it self, whose essence being simple, severeth it from all essential mutations; and indeed, extend no farther, than the Sensitive or the Brain, which is its principal organ: So that as it doth not derogate from the skill and ability of an excellent Musician, that he cannot make good Musick upon an ill and untuneable Instrument; so likewise doth it not from the dignity of the Soul, that it cannot maintain the harmony of its Government, where the Brain is out of tune. And this we think sufficient to evince that the mutual league or alliance betwixt the Body and Mind is not so inseparable, but the Mind may both continue its Soveraignty, while that league continueth; and also continue its Being, after the same league is dissolved by death.

But if the *Adversary* shall further urge us to informe him, What kind of substance we then conceive the Soul to be, we shall ingeniously confess, We

do not understand it. Nor are we ashamed of that ignorance, forasmuch as the knowledge thereof is to be fetched, not from Reason or Philosophy, but from *Revelation Divine*. For, seeing the substance of the Soul was not deduced or extracted in its creation, from Matter, or Elements, as is manifest even from the transcendency of its functions and operations : certainly it follows, that the Laws of Matter or Elements, can in no wise comprehend its nature, or lead to the knowledge of its substance : but leaving Philosophy to its proper objects, we must expect it from the inspiration of the same Divinity, from whence the substance of it was originally derived. But inspirations Divine being very rare, our best way will be to suspend such subtle and Metaphysical Enquiries, till death ; which will soon satisfy them, and all other difficulties of that nature. In the mean time, we beg excuse for thus long digressing into so grave and unsutable a Speculation, (which yet we could not well avoid) from our Story, and for holding you upon the rack of suspense, while your good nature makes you impatient till you are assured of the *Ladie's* perfect recovery.

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Returning to our *Matron*, I find my self surpris'd with more of wonder and amazement, than the Souldier was when he first beheld her. Methinks I perceive certain symptoms in her, which signifie not only a change of humour, but even a perfect metamorphosis of her person also; and so strangely is she altered, that did not the continuance of her mourning habit (and yet she hath dropt her Veil) together with the circumstances of time and place, assure me to the contrary; seriously I should not easily be perswaded that she is the same woman. She appears now to have so little of the sorrowful Widow in her, that if I might have the liberty *Physiognomists* take, of divining by outward signes, I should take her for the most pleased and happy Bride in the world. Her *forehead* seems not only smoothed, but dilated also to a more graceful largeness, and over-cast with a delicate sanguine Dye. Her eyes sparkling again with luster, yet little more then half open, with their amiable whites turned somewhat upward, unsteady, bedewed with a Ruby moisture, & by stealth casting certain languishing glances (such as are observed only in

persons dying, and Lovers in the extasie of delight) upon the Souldier, Her *lips* swelling with a delicious vermillion tincture, and gently trembling; yet still preserving the decorum and sweetness of her mouth. Her *cheeks* overflowing with pleasing blushes. Her *head* a little declining, as when Modesty hath a secret conflict with Desire. She is in a kind of gentle *disquiet*, such as accompanieth the impatience of the soul, when it is eager and restless in pursuit of the object, whereon it hath fixed its chief felicity. A temperate and *balmy sweat*, extilling from the pores of her snow-white skin, helps to increase the kindly warmth of it, arising, doubtless, from a great agitation of her spirits within, and an effusion of them upon the outward parts, together with the vapours of her purest blood. In a word, I discern in her a concurrence of all those signes, which, as natural and inseparable characters, are proper to great joy and pleasure.

What therefore should I think? To imagine that she, a woman of exemplary constancy, of chastity more cold and severe than the Goddess her self, who is said to be guardian of it; of sorrow
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(as your self can witness) almost unparallel'd and invincible; whose tears are yet scarcely dry, still sitting in a damp and horrid Charnel-house, at the dead time of the night, and upon the Coffin of her *Dearest All*: To imagine (I say) that this Woman should be so soon ingulphed in the delightful transports of a *new Love*, and that with a Fellow so much a Stranger, so much her Inferiour: This certainly is not only highly improbable, but unpardonably scandalous; and he, doubtless, would have no easie task to secure himself, from being torn in pieces by those of her Sex, who should dare to entertain a thought so much conducing to their disparagement.

On the other side, the causes of suspicion are strong and manifest; for, if it be true, (as certainly it is) that Nature, not contented only to have given Man a tongue, wherewith to express his thoughts, hath also imprinted on his countenance the *images* of his most secret passions and intentions; and that upon this ground Philosophers have built that most excellent of all Arts, the Art of *Knowing-Man*, (the principal part of civil prudence) which teacheth

teacheth how to dive into the most secret recesses, and hidden conceptions of the mind, only by observing the *Figures* and *Characters* that her inward motions draw upon the forehead, eyes and other parts of the face: I say, if this be true, we have good reason to suspect, that our Matron hath newly felt the power of Love's inevitable Dart, and she now burns as extreemly in the flames of amorous desires of the Soldier, as she was lately frozen in the ice of sorrow for her Husband. Her looks and gestures betray her, and all the *Airs* of high *Content* and *Pleasure* appearing in her face, will no longer permit me to doubt, but she hath lately tasted, and more then tasted, of that delight, which Lovers are sensible of in the act of Fruition, and which being it self a kind of *Extasy*, cannot be described, so as to be understood by any but such as feel it, nor those, but when they feel it.

Nor need you longer remain in suspense: for, behold, she now throws her self into the Soldiers Arms, she embraceth him, she kisseth him, and with that violence, that greediness, as if she were unsatisfied with the bare
reaches

touches of his lips, and longed to leave the impression of hers upon them. Nay, she takes no care to shut them, as if that negligent posture were more natural to the freedom of her kindness; or, as if she were in more readiness to receive that soul, she would have him breath into her. Nor doth any thing make her take off her mouth from his, but the impatience to have her eyes so long empty of the images of his form; and when she hath feasted that sense, with giving and receiving some fixt amorous looks, (for now they are no longer oblique glances) she instantly returns again to her banquet of kisses, as if the pleasures of her *Eye*, though high and ravishing among mutual Lovers, were yet inferior to those of the *Touch*; or, as if the pleasures which each of these excellent senses doth affect the soul with, in such cases, were so great and violent, as that she is not capable of being intent upon both at once, but is forced to apply her self one while to one alone, another while to another, lest being distracted betwixt them, she might lose any whit of what her passion tells her, is requisite to consummate the fruition she aims at. In a word, (for
we

we are fallen upon a Subject, whoſe nature is not to admit of much diſcourſe) there is nothing of liberty, nothing of dalliance, nothing of careſſes and inſeſſment, which this ſportful *Lady* doth not uſe, both to make her ſelf grateful and charming to her new *Gallant*, and to enkindle freſh ardors in him. So that if what we ſee be not *Venus* her ſelf, ſporting with her beloved *Mars*, yet, doubtleſs, it is one of her own daughters, in the height of ſolace with one of his ſons. But, here *Modesty* commands us to turn our backs upon this pleaſant couple; for, I perceive, he hath not yet exhausted all his Ammunition, and that, grown more ſenſible of the Magique of her wanton incitements, he is arming himſelf for a ſecond encounter, and ſtands ready to do that *Act*, which, though the moſt pleaſant and entrancing of all others; cannot yet be, with good manners; named, much leſs lookt upon in the doing, by ſtrangers. And you, as well as my ſelf, know, how implacably angry the *Cyprian* goddeſs muſt be, with ſuch immodeſt curioſities, as dare to pry into the Myſteries of her ſacrifices, which ſhe hath therefore com-
mended

manded to be offered in the dark, and only by Couples. Let us, therefore, seasonably avert our yet innocent Eyes, and leave these her new Votaries quietly to finish those *Cytherean* Rites they are going about: especially since their Zeal is so fervent, as not to scruple at the nicety of making the Dead Husband's Coffin, the Altar, whereon to kindle and exhale the incense they have brought. And while they are busied at their silent devotions, let us have recourse to the Oracle of Reason; and there consult about the powerful Cause of this great and admirable Change in our *Matron*, who (you see) is no longer either Mourner, or Widow, &c.

To charge this suddain and prodigious Metamorphosis, upon the inherent *Mutability and Levity of Womans Nature*; though it may have somewhat of Philosophy in it, yet cannot have much of wisdom; as importing more Reason, than Safety. For, albeit, it be well known, that the softness and tenderness of their Constitution is such, as renders them like wax, capable of any impressions, and especially such as correspond with those their incli-

inclinations, that Nature hath implanted in them as goads to drive them on toward that principal End, for which it hath made them : yet, who is so rashly prodigal of his life, as to incense that Revengeful sex, by calling in question that Constancy in affection, which every Woman so much boasteth of, and is ready to defend even with her blood, and whereof every day produceth so many notable Examples? For my part, truly, notwithstanding I was never so happy, as to be much in the Favour of Ladies; yet will not the honour I bear them, permit me willingly to incur their displeasure, especially by asserting so scandalous an Heresie: nor will I omit any opportunity to demonstrate, that the services I desire to do them, are such as hold exact proportion with the strongest of their Inclinations, and the highest of their Perfections. There is not an Attribute their Excellencies challenge even in their own opinion, (which all allow to be favourable enough,) but I am ready to give it them: nor can I doubt the verity and weight of any thing they say, but admire and believe them as Oracles. My Ears cannot so soon drink in their promises, as
my

my Faith swallows them down, for Sacramental and inviolable obligations. If I hear any Lady but say, (though she use no protestations) that she either hath been, or will be constant and firm to her Servant; I am ready instantly to believe and swear, the Heavens themselves even in their substance are more subject to Alteration, that Nature herself can sooner change her Course, her Laws, and run into the confusion of her primitive Chaos; than she be removed from the Object, upon which she hath placed her Love. When any Widow sighs and weeps at the funeral of her Husband; I compassionate the Reality and Profoundness of her Grief, am afraid she should despair, and destroy her self; and I sooner expect to see her Husband revived, than her to entertain any the least thought of admitting another into her bed. If I but hear the sad story of some young Virgin deprived of her first Love; I cannot forbear to beat my breast, and cry out, Ah! what pity it is, so fair a Flower should be lost to all Mankind, and wither for want of a hand to gather it? For, certainly, the poor Soul, devoting the disconsolate remainder of her days

to solitude and Fidelity, will never be brought to listen after another for a Bridegroom; no, without doubt she will live and die a pure Virgin, and all the hopes she hath, are to contemplate the honours reserved in the *Elizium*, for such Maids as continue true to their departed Sweet-hearts; Nor are your Venetian-locks half so good security of her Chastity, as the memory of the vows she made to the Person, to whom she once gave her Heart. Moreover, when I read those witty and elegant Writers, who have exercised their Pens in illustrating *Femal Glories*, in erecting *Galleries of Heroical Women*, and collecting *Examples* of their *Constancy*, *Conjugal Love*, and other *Virtues*; O! how am I delighted, how am I enflamed with Emulation of that honour and esteem those Authors have purchased to themselves thereby! And, had my Stars been so propitious and bountiful to my Nativity, as to have inspired me with a competent portion of Wit, I should not have conceived any Argument either so worthy in it self, or so agreeable to my *Genius*, as the *Commendation of Ladies*. And I shall not stick to confess to you, as my Friend,

that

that once I had a design in my head, to have compiled a *History of the Lives of Constant Wives and Mistresses* : nor did any thing hinder my proceeding in that work, but the discouragement I received from the vast *Multitude* of them; I foresaw my whole Life would be too short but only to enumerate them, much more to give each one her due praises. So that you may well perceive, how irreconcilable an Antipathy I have to any such opinion, as derogates from the Honour due to the *Immutability* of that delicate and sweet Sex, which the kindness of Nature made for our Comfort, solace, and delight, and without the assistance of which we should fall short of doing that most excellent Act, which witnesseth the perfection of our Being, which makes us immortal in spite of Death, and brings us to some resemblance of the Divine original of all things. Let us, therefore, search for some other Cause (besides the Levity of Womans nature) to salve the adventure that hath befallen our *Ephesian Matron*.

To impute it to the force of the *Wine* the Souldier gave her, is to pass by the Grand and *Principal Agent*, and

rest in what was but an *Accessory* at most ; to lay the whole weight of the wonder upon what seems to have had no more than a finger in it. For, first the *Quantity* she drank, though sufficient to renovate her spirits, cherish her vital warmth, and quicken the motion of her well-nigh congealed blood ; was yet too little to intoxicate her brain, and enflame her to the height of desires so inconsistent, so repugnant to the frigid temper and low condition it found her in. And, as to the *Quality* of it ; though good Wine be the *Milk of Venus*, and as subtle and powerful a betrayer of Chastity, as a Nurse or Midwife, as Night, as Opportunity, yea as Gold it self, (which the Antients intimated in placing the Chappel of *Venus* behind the Temple of *Bacchus* ; and *Aristotle*, in that speaking of Wine and Drunkenness in his third *Problem*, he toucheth upon *Venery* in his fourth : And is a chief reason why the *Rhenish-wine* Houses are so much frequented by our Gallants.) Yet doth it seldome work that effect, but where it meets with bodies predisposed to admit and concur with its sprightly and heightning influence. For, as all Natural Agents

gents have their power and energy limited by the capacity of the Patients, upon which they operate; so in particular, Wine is not so universal an inspirer of Amorous and hot inclinations, as not sometimes to meet with resistance and suppression, in persons of cold Temperaments, or chaste Resolutions. And, therefore, whensoever it heateth and irritateth to Courtship, it doth no more than add some sparks to that inward Fire, which, however cunningly raked up in the ashes of apparent Modesty, was yet scorching before, and wanted not much of breaking forth into a furious Flame. So that our Matron having not enlarged her draughts beyond the bounds of temperance and sobriety; and being by her long fasting, sorrow, and remaining in the cold, (all which are profest and irreconcilable Enemies to *Venus*,) so debilitated, that we ought not to believe she had much of that sewell in her veins, which the spirits of Wine enkindle, when it produceth that burning Appetite we are speaking of: It cannot consist with reason to aggravate her facility, by transferring it wholly upon the innocent means of her refreshment and recovery.

To what then may this extraordinary accident be referred? Why, in my judgment, to nothing so favorably and probably, as to the Author of so many wonderfull adventures, *Love*. For, though I will not undertake to explain the mysterious nature of this Passion, which all are subject to, and none clearly understand; and think it as well defined by him, who said, *It is I know not what, which came in I know not whence, and went away I know not how*; as by *Socrates*, who called it the *Desire of Beauty*; or, even by *St. Thomas* himself, who affirmed it to be, *A complacency of the Appetite in the thing which is lovely*: Yet thus much I have learned from dear experience, that it is an imperious Passion, which, once entred upon the borders of the mind, instantly becomes a Tyrant, over-running all the faculties, subverting the Laws and government of Reason, and demolishing all the Fortresses, that either Wisdom or Modesty can raise against it. It is a kind of *Magick*, against which Nature hath given us no power of resistance; ~~for~~ insinuating insensibly into the Soul, like a mask't enemy, it suddenly surpriseth and takes possession of all the strengths
of

of it, and like a subtle poyſon, diſcovers not its entrance, till it be ſecure of conqueſt. It proclaims war, and triumphs at once. It betrayeth us with ſecret complacency, and then hurrieth us toward ruine, which is the more inevitable, becauſe we admit and ſuffer it with delight. Like the venomous Spiders of *Calabria*, it deſtroys us with tickling, and making us dance. While we take it for a ſweet and charming harmony, it ſeduceth us to great and dangerous diſorders. It ſcorneth the prevention of Prudence, and ſlighteth the prepoſſeſſion of Grief. It grows more violent by oppoſition; Counſels do but heighten its fury, and dangers and difficulties, like water poured upon wild-fire, encrease the flames of it; and prohibition provokes it. Being once in love, we believe our deſires cannot be noble, untill they are extream; nor generous, unleſs they be raſh. The greateſt, the wiſeſt, the moſt reſolved ſpirits, have felt the force of it; nor is *Ambition* it ſelf (eſteemed Lord Paramount of all the Paſſions) able to conteſt with it, for absolute dominion over the ſoul. For an example of *Wiſdom*, reflect on *Solomon*, who laid-by all his divine Pre-

The Ephesian Matron.

cepts, and gave himself over to dotage upon *Pharaoh's* fair daughter : and upon *Appius Claudius*, Decemvir of *Rome*, a Law-giver, and most austere man, who yet was transported to a mad degree of love. For one of *Ambition*, we have *Marcus Antonius*, half-partner of the great Empire, who in the Zenith of all his power and greatness, found the power of *Cleopatra's* beauty strong enough to make him her willing captive. And for *Resolution*, we have the memorable confession of *Lais*, That she had more *Philosophers*, and those *Stoicks* too, her servants, than men of any other sort. Divine *Plato* (you may remember) confesses himself so passionately in love with his *Archianassa*, that forgetting his doctrine of *Idea's*, he knew none but that of her face : and the grave *Stagirite* sacrificed to his *Herpelis*, as to *Ceres*. But what need we these examples, to assure the tyranny of Love over even Heroical Minds, when the frequency of it hath given occasion to men to call it the *Heroicall Passion* : And when the antient Poets meant no other thing, by their fictions of the Amours of *Jupiter* and other *Deities*, but this, that Love ma-
stereth

stereth the greatest and wisest men in the world. This considered, what wonder is it, if our Matron, a weak and frail Creature, being shot at by the winged Archer (whose Arrows have this Faculty, that they cure the Ulcers of sorrow in a moment) and pierced to the quick, soon yielded up her self to be led captive among those many millions that attend his triumphant Chariot? So that if this new Affection of hers be a Fault, certainly it is such a one as was not in her power to avoid; and all who understand the force of such secret flames, as we may believe she felt, will easily excuse.

Nor ought you to blame her for the *Haste* she made in the payment of that Homage, which all women owe, and first or last must pay to the Inspirer of such desires; since you know not what strong and pressing Arguments, and Motives the adventurous Souldier used to induce her to that dispatch:

For the Souldier hath skneled so
And told her all his love, and all his wo,
And sworn so depe to her to be true,
For well or wo, and change for no newe;
And as a false Lover so well can plain,
The selie Matron rewed on his pain;

And

And toke him for husband, and became his
For evermore, while that hem last life. (wife

and since the wisest Women commonly esteem those servants most valiant and worthy their favours, who are quickest in obtaining them: *qui timide rogat, docet negare*. I am not ignorant, there are a sort of Heretiques in Love, who prize no pleasures that come easily; and think it below their Courage to engarrison that Fort, whose Gates are thrown open at first summons: as if Delight were the more grateful and transcendent for being difficult and tedious in acquisition. But, our *Matron* was none of these. She was too Wise, too Masculine, to insist upon the nicety of a long Courtship, and thought not the way to oblige, was by delay. No, finding her defences weak, and the Besieger strong; she conceived she might make the better conditions, by how much the sooner she surrendered. Besides, Fortune had fairly given her an opportunity; and Prudence would not permit her to neglect it. There have been many memorable adventures in the World, in which, *Time* it self hath had a principal hand: and there are certain *Fortunate and Criti-*

cal Minutes wherein many things are to be effected, that ever after are impossible. Why then should this Woman be accused of extream *Levity*, only for taking occasion by the *Foretop*, and; at first Encontre, making sure of what, perhaps, she otherways might have lost. When you are Hungry, and have good Meat before you; will you account it kindness in your Host, to detain you from eating, with tedious Ceremonies, and long impertinent discourses, till the dishes are grown cold and unsavory? What reason is there, then, that any one should think it so hainous an offence against the modesty of Womanhood, that our Matron addressed her self to the satisfaction of an appetite as Natural, (and many times as impatient of delay) as Hunger, as soon as fortune had proffered her the means wherewithal to do it? For my part, seriously (think others what they please) though I will not justify the Act she did, yet I do not judge it to be the worse, because done so *soon*.

But, you (perhaps) may think, that I have cloathed the deformity of this Womans fact, in too favourable and plausible a dress of Phrase; making

king that Noble and Heroique passion, Love, to be the Cause of her so easie prostitution, which was, indeed, the meer and proper effect of a Carnal Appetite, or base and unbrideled *Lust*.

To this, therefore, I say; that notwithstanding the nice distinction, which *Flattery* hath imagined, betwixt *Love* and *Lust*; as if one were the genuine offspring of the Mind alone; the other the spurious issue of the Body, which never intruded her self into the society of her Sister, without debauching and dishonouring her Virgin and immaculate Nature: yet those unprejudicate Enquirers, who have searched deepe enough into the Origine and essence of that desire of Conjunction in persons of different Sexes, or the Appetite of Male and Female each to other, which is generally understood to be *Love*, (for, we are not now upon the consideration of *Amity*, or *Friendship*) will not be easily perswaded, that there is any so great dissimilitude or Disparity betwixt them, as that they may not be deduced from one and the same principle, at least, that they can be divided. This, I presume, will be somewhat distasteful to the pure and refined Disciples

sciples of the *Platonique* sect, who profess to be enamoured only on the beauties of the *Soul*, wholly rejecting all respects of flesh and blood, and entirely devoting their Courtship to contemplate, and entranse themselves in admiration of the lovely Idea's of *Virtue*: nor will the *Ladies* (made, doubtless of a mold much finer and less sulphureous, than other courser Mortals are,) be well pleased to hear their sweet and cleanly Flames should be aspersed with the mixture of gross and sooty Exhalations, such as arise from ardors of the Body. And, therefore, Truth it self, (which I prefer to all other interests) engageth me to assert this my opinion, and make it appear, that though it be a *Paradox*, yet it is highly *Reasonable*. Which that I may do, I aske leave to present you a *Picture of Love in little*, not copied from the descriptions of other mens Phantasies, but drawn to the life from the very original of Nature, and (if I am not much mistaken) so full of true resemblances, that who so shall attentively contemplate the same, will, I doubt not, esteem it as a piece, not altogether unworthy to be preserved in the Cabinet of their Memory.

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Of Love in general.

Most certain and manifest it is, that the proper object of all *Appetites*, is *Good*, either *Real*, or only *Apparent*; and the Reason is, because the Object, in which this *Good* is perceived or apprehended, is conducive to the perfection of that thing, whose the *Appetite* is, or which desireth it. For, *Appetite* or desire always presupposeth in the thing desiring, a want or *Need* of the thing desired; and what is in want cannot be perfect, without receiving what it doth want. So that the *Agreeableness*, or *Profitableness*, or *Good*, which is betwixt the Nature of the thing wanted, or desired, and the perfection requisite in the Nature of the thing wanting or desiring; is the *Cause* why it is desired, or loved; and also the ground of that *Pleasure* or *Delight*, which is perceived in the obtaining or *Fruition* of it. And this, certainly, is the Foundation of all the Inclinations, that are to be found in Nature; and of the Love we have for all that is truly, or seemingly *Good* for us. I say,
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Good for us; because there is no such thing in the World, as Good *Absolute*; nor do we account any thing Good, but with *Respect* to our selves.

Now, forasmuch as the agreeableness in the object, to the nature of the thing desiring it, is the cause both of the Appetite's being particularly determined to it, as that which serveth to its perfection (which consisteth only in the advancement of its Power into Act,) and also of that Pleasure which attends the attainment of it: it cannot be denied, but the Appetite is accompanied or rather ushered by a *Faculty of Knowing* or discerning that Agreeableness, wheresoever it meeteth with it among objects, and that directeth the Appetite therunto; since, what is not known to be Agreeable, cannot be desired. And since those inward Motions, which men call *Love* and *Pleasure*, are but the results of such Conceptions, as are formed in the Imagination and Understanding, after the Appetite hath been excited by the Good or Convenience of the thing proposed to it; There must be therefore a faculty of knowing what is Convenient, what not. And since to know

a thing, is to have a Conception, or Notion of it, correspondent to its *Nature*, which declareth or manifesteth its self only by its Qualities and Proprieties: those Qualities are the *Signs* or *Marks*, by which the *Faculty Cognitive* is enabled to judge of its Good, or Evil, and accordingly represent it to the *Appetite*, to be embraced or rejected. And this, as it is the reason why Nature furnished all Animals with senses, and Man, with both sense and Reason, by which, the Marks or Signs of Convenience in objects, may be perceived, and so the Nature of the thing, in which they appear, be made known to the Faculty, whose Function it is to judge of them: So is it likewise of this, that whatsoever the senses (the observers of the marks of Good and Evil) represent to the Imagination (which formeth Conceptions of them accordingly) for Good, Profitable, or Agreeable, is accounted Good, or Fair, or Beautiful, and afterward desired or pursued by the Appetite. This considered, the rule of pure Consequence teacheth, that the reason why *Corporal Beauty* so delighteth the senses, and ravisheth the soul, is only because it is a Mark or Sign
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of that interior power or agreeableness, which is in the subject to which it adhereth, and which our Appetite wanteth, in order to its attainment of that perfection, which is required to its nature. So that, in this Sense, we cannot much find fault with his definition of *Beauty*, who called it the *splendor of Goodness*; nor condemn his of *Love*, who termed it *Need*, or want. And this we conceive sufficient to adumbrate the Nature of *Love in General*.

*Of Love betwixt Male
and Female.*

TO come up closer to our Argument, therefore; I must put you in mind, that all the Powers or Faculties, which together with their respective Appetites, compleat the Nature of Man, were conferred upon him for one of these two ends; either for the well-being and conservation of him in his single and Individual person; or for the conservation of him *in specie*, or in his kind. Those which conduce to the well-being and conservation of him in his Person, are the Faculties of *Understanding*

derstanding or Reasoning, of Imagination, of Memory, of Voluntary Motion, of Life, and of Nutrition; And that which continueth him in his Kind, is the Faculty of Generation, or Procreation, by which he begets his like.

Now this *Power-Generative*, (for the rest belong not to our present Theme) being not wholly in the Male, nor wholly in the Female, but divided betwixt them, the *Active* part being the propriety of the Male, and the *Passive* of the Female; so that the Conjunction of both Sexes is necessary to the perfection of this Power, which consisteth in the actual production of their like: it is not to be doubted, but the *Appetite* belonging to this Power, and by which both Male and Female are solicited, and as it were, impelled to the *A&t* of Generation, to which this Faculty tendeth, is accompanied with a certain *Knowledge* of the Goodness or Fitness in the object, upon which it is to operate, in order to the attainment of its perfection. And this Goodness or Fitness, being not otherwise to be known but by the outward Marks, or signs of it appearing in Male and Female, is no sooner discovered to
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the senses and Imagination, but the Appetite attending that knowledge, is excited and set on work to Love and pursue that object, in which that Fitness doth appear. To speak more plainly; the Goodness or Fitness to Generation in the Male, being nothing but the due Constitution of him in all those Organs or Instruments, which Nature hath ordained for the performance of that Function, on his part; and likewise the Fitness in the Female, being the due Constitution, of the Instruments, provided by Nature for the execution of that *passive* power, which is on hers; and the Marks, by which that Fitness makes it self known, being the shape and form of the body, and all its parts peculiar to each sex: hence it unavoidably follows, that the *Male-Beauty* is only the mark of the good Constitution for the *Active* power in Generation; as the *Female-Beauty* is only the mark of the *Passive*; and that the Desire or Appetite, which ariseth upon the discovery of those signs, and solliciteth either Male or Female to the Act of Conjunction, in order to the performance of the Function proper to the power Generative, is that passion

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we call *Love of a different sex*. For, that desire, which carrieth toward the end, must be introduced by a knowledge of the Fitness of the means tending thereto; and that Fitness consisting in the due Constitution of all parts or organs requisite to the attainment of the end, and discovering it self only by the outward Pulchritude of the body, peculiar to each sex: it cannot be denied, but that Fitness is the only Motive to the Appetite; nor that the Desire arising upon the Knowledge of that Fitness, is the *Love*, and the *only Love* that can be betwixt Male and Female, as Male and Female.

Of Love determined.

BUt beside this *General Love* of a different sex, which is no more but the Appetite of Procreation Indefinite, there is yet another *Love*, in which the same Appetite, though respecting diversity of sex, is yet *determined to some one particular Person*; and such as are in this Passion, are properly said to be in *Love*. Now the Question doth concern

concern, not the General Love betwixt Male and Female, but this Particular or Determined Love: since this seems to be that, which Ladys mean, when they distinguish *Love* from *Lust*.

Concerning this *Personal Love*, therefore, I say; that forasmuch as it cannot be without diversity of Sex, and tendeth as violently, (if not more) to the same end, as the general or indefinite Love doth, *viz.* to the Act of Procreation; and in both those respects doth participate of that sensual pleasure, which accompanieth the indifferent Love: it follows, that *Love of the Sex, and Love of some one person of that Sex, make but one and the same affection or Passion in Nature*. Nor is there indeed, any other cause that makes this Love quit its indifferency to all of that divers Sex, and fix only upon some one single person, but only this; that the person Loving, (or rather in Love) apprehending that the Marks or Signs of the power Generative are more conspicuous in the person loved, than in any other of that Sex; thereupon imagineth, that the Fruition of that person, (that is, the doing that Act, which is necessary to continuation of the

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kind;

kind, with that person) will better conduce to the satisfaction of the Appetite to Generation, than the doing of it with any other. So that this *Opinion* or *Imagination* in the person loving, is the cause why the person loved, is courted and pursued with that violence of desire, which always agitath and disquieteth those that are in Love.

And hence it comes, that comely and proper men (as they call them) such as are of good complexions, and well proportioned bodies, are generally in great reputation with Women: and fair and Beautiful Women, in as high esteem and honour with Men. For, it being a certain rule in Nature, that all inward powers are more or less perfect, according to the more or less exact temperament and structure of the parts of the body, upon which they depend; and that the exact shape and constitution of the body and all its parts, are marks of the perfection of the same powers: where the senses discover the Marks in a more eminent measure, there the soul concludeth to find the Powers themselves also in as eminent a degree; and thereupon loves and pursues with proportionate ardency,

cy, the person in whom they appear to be. For particular instance; Comeliness and Strength of body in a Man, being signs of the goodness of the power Generative; Women no sooner perceive those signs, but well understanding what they signifie, they cannot chuse but have a greater liking, esteem and inclination for such men, in whom they appear, than for others, in whom they do not appear, at least so conspicuously. On the other side, sweetness of complexion, justness of stature, and all that is comprized in the word *Beauty*, being the Character which Nature hath imprinted upon a Woman, by which we may judge of the Goodness of the *passive* power in Generation, in such a Woman; no sooner is this Character discerned by the eyes of men, but they instantly know what it imports, and thereupon honour and love those Women, in whom that Mark is seen more than others, in whom it doth not shew it self, in so full a measure.

To confirm the Truth of this, besides the Natural Reasons here alledged, we have also the suffrage of *Experience*. For, what woman was ever in love with an *Eunuch*, though otherwise exceedingly

exceedingly handsome? Nay, what Woman is there, that doth not secretly despise any man, of whose insufficiency (whether Native, or by Misfortune) in the power of Generation, she hath had any the least notice? on the other-side, what Man hath ever continued his passion for a Woman, after he hath been once convinced of her impotency to club with him in the Act of procreation, though she were, in all other things, the most beautiful of her Sex? Which considered; I confess, I find my self a little inclined to suspect, that few wives who have no Children by their Husbands, love them half so well as they pretend: and that as few Husbands abstain from breach of wedlock, who have reason to complain of the Barrenness of their Wives. For, though Discretion may make them secret and close in their amorous stealths, yet (without the restraint of great virtue) desire of Issue, and experiment of their Abilities, will go neer to make them affect change.

Now, after all this, I hope it will be no longer a Paradox, that the indefinite desire of different Sex (which is generally called Lust) and desire of some
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one particular person of that different Sex (which is generally called Love,) are one and the same Appetite to the Act of Procreation.

Nevertheless that I may not seem either ignorant of what hath given occasion to men to imagine a real difference betwixt them, or willing to innovate a vulgar phrase, by which they express their different sentiments; I shall not omit to observe, that when we *Condemn* this Appetite, we give it the disparaging name of *Lust*; and when we *Approve* it, we cloath it in the nearer word, *Love*: so that Lust and Love, nevertheless, are no more but divers Terms, by which we express the divers Conceptions we have of one and the same Passion.

Nor will it be a whit to my disadvantage, if I add also; that the desire of different Sex in general, is not accompanied with that *Delight of the Mind*, as the Determined or personal Love is; since, in the Former, men seek only to please themselves, whereas in the Latter, they seek to please the Woman, whom they love, as much as, if not more than themselves; and by how much more they find themselves able

to please their Mistresses, by so much the more are they Delighted themselves. For, this Delight is not sensual, as being that Pleasure or joy of the Mind, which consisteth in the opinion we have of our own Power or Ability to please another, especially, the Person whom we love; and therefore an effect rather of *Charity* (which is a Desire to assist another in obtaining what he wanteth, or is pleased with when he hath it) than of this Love betwixt Male and Female, of which I now discourse: and so hinders not, Love and Lust to be still one and the same thing, as I have proved it to be.

Of Platonick Love.

IT remains only, that we briefly examine the Purity of that Love, which such profess, who distinguish themselves from the herd of sensual Inamorato's, by the title of *Platoniques*: which that we may do impartially, it is requisite we enquire first into the *Original*, and then the *Truth* of the Opinion, (which they in profession at least) hold.

Plato, in his Dialogue intituled *Convivium*

virium, or, The Banquet (the Argument whereof is *Honorable Love*) bringeth in *Socrates*, a wise, grave, and continent Philosopher, taking high delight in the Society of *Alcibiades*, a beautiful Youth; and loving him passionately, though virtuously, not for any sensual respect, but only to impregnate him with that Knowledge and those Virtues, with which his own Mind was pregnant, and which he perceived *Alcibiades* was capable of, and which he desired to infuse into him by continual instructions and example. And the sum of *Plato's* Opinion concerning this kind of Love, is this. That a Man, whose Mind is full of Wisdom and other Virtues, is naturally inclined to seek out, and dearly affect some beautiful person, of age and capacity to conceive, in whom he may by frequent instructions and familiar wayes of insinuation, beget or produce the like Wisdom and Virtues: and that the delight he receives therein is very great, as the Motive to it is very honorable. And this is the Idea of true Platonick Love.

Now, as for the *Truth* of this opinion; though it be honourable to instruct
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the ignorant, and sow the seeds of virtue in the minds of such as though fertile in capacity, were yet actually barren of them before; and though it be a high delight of the Mind to propagate knowledge, and make the wisdom of others derive it self from the bounty of ours: yet am I not convinced, either that there is any such strong natural inclination generally in wise and virtuous persons, to seek and court the ignorant and prone to vice, that they may instruct and make them like themselves; because Experience assureth that few Learned and Prudent men are so easily Communicative, as *Plato* represents *Socrates* to have been, at least, out of meer Natural inclination; or that they select none but beautiful and youthful persons to become their Schollars, since Beauty of the body is not always a certain mark of singular Capacity in the Mind to Science and Virtue; and there have been many eminent in both, who yet were not adorned with Corporal comeliness.

In this particular, therefore, I am inclined to be of *Lucian's* belief, who, though a great admirer of generous *Friendship* as his excellent discourse, *Intituled*

tituled Τὸ ἔργον, ἢ Φιλία sufficiently witnesseth; doth yet suspect the honesty of this *Platonique Love*, in his *Εἰσαγγελία*, where he saith plainly, *Animi amorem quendam cominiscuntur; & cum corporis pulchritudinem vereantur amare, virtutis sese vocant amatores.*

But, granting the opinion to be wholly true, as *Plato* delivers it; yet that Inclination, or Desire to eradicate Ignorance and Vice, and plant Wisdom and virtue in the Mind of another, is, indeed, nothing but *Charity* (which is a generous passion, by which we are willing and desirous to assist and advance others, as well as our selves) and hath nothing in it of that *Sexual Love*, of which we have now discoursed. Again, if *Socrates's* honourable Love, be the same with our *Charity* (as evidently it is) why should it not be more honourable Love, or greater Charity, to endeavour to give perfections of the Mind, to such as are deficient in those of the body; than to give them to those, who seem so much the less to desire or value their inward beauties, by how much the more they possess of the outward; since *Want is always the measure of Charity?* Furthermore, though

though *Socrates* might be *continent*; it follows not, that therefore all were so, who afterward adhered to this opinion: witness the *Padagegue* in *Petronius Arbitrator*, and many others, whose stories Modesty will not suffer me to relate. Once more; Were all *Plato's* Disciples in this particular, *Continent*; yet it is not necessary their Love should be therefore *Pure*, or void of all sensual respects: because (as the greatest Philosopher of our age hath excellently observed) *The Continent have the passion they contain, as much, and more than they that satiate the Appetite.* But leaving *Plato's* opinion, let us see how the Love which our *Modern Platoniques* pretend to be justifiable thereby, do agree therewith.

First, our *Platoniques* are generally of *different sexes*; whereas *Socrates* and his Darling, *Alcibiades*, were both Masculine. Secondly, ours are commonly both *Young*, and in the Canicular or scorching years of life: but *Socrates* was *Ancient*, and superannuated for the incitements of wanton desires. Thirdly, *Ours* are generally far short of that *Wisdom* and those *Virtues*, that are requisite to engender the like Excellencies in others.

others. Again, *Ours* pretend to love, because they would *Learn*, not *Teach*, and the Male Platonique (forsooth) is ever admiring and extolling the content he takes in contemplating the Idea's of those rare Virtues, which he discovers daily in the Female while she (good modest Soul) is as much transported with those perfections of Mind, she discerns in Him: when indeed, those Virtues and Excellences are kept so close, that no person else can perceive any such in either of them. Lastly, *Ours*, (especially the Women) are for the most part *Married* to others, and so ought to propagate Virtue, (if they have so much as to spare) rather in their Husbands and children, than in Strangers: but, alas! those Relations are despised, in comparison of the Noble *Lover*, who alone deserves to be made wiser and better. I could reckon up many other Differences more, but these are enough to let you see, what vast disparity is betwixt the Platonique Love of the Ancients, and that of Modern Puritan Lovers; and how little reason they have to usurp either the Example of *Socrates*, or authority of *Plato*, for their patronage. I hope, therefore, the
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wife and virtuous will not be offended, if I take leave (without prejudice to that noble Amity, called Friendship) to suspect that this Platonique Passion is but an honourable pretence to conceal a sensual Appetite, and is (in plain truth) Cousin German at least to that Love, which made our Ephesian Matron so gentle and obliging to the Souldier. To whom I think we may now return, without disturbing him in those pleasures; we saw him addressing himself to reap, in the Bosome of his new Mistress, when we left them to their mutual solace. ¶

See the vicissitudes of contrary *Passions*, which keep their turns in agitating and perplexing the unsettled mind of Man! See the Unconstancy of *Fortune*, which now frowns and turns her back upon the same person, whom but an hour since she seemed to court, and indulge with the choicest of her favours! Or, see rather the method of *Fate*, which entertaineth us with such a mixture of Sweet and Bitter, as that no Pleasure is sincere; which (like Physicians) hath few Cordials without some Poyson in them; and which seldom feasteth us, without obliging us

to tast of some dish of the second Course, that makes us, with nauseousness and regrete, soon disgorge the delicious morsels of the first. For,

Returning to the *Souldier*, whom not many minutes since, we left in a condition of so much joy and pleasure, that *Cesar* himself, had he beheld him, could not have forbore to envy his felicity, and wish himself in his place; we find a greater change in him, than he had lately wrought in the despairing Matron; and perceive him striving more to destroy himself than he had before to preserve Her. *Fear, Anger, Rage, and Despair*, have conspired to distract him. One while he casteth up his eyes, that flame with fury; beats his breast; tears his hair; stampeth upon the ground; and useth all the gesture of a man transported to perfect madness with sudden and violent passion. Another while, he stands unmoved, silent, and with eyes fixt upon the earth; as if he were consulting the infernal spirits, what to do with himself. Then suddenly starting, he roul about his sparkling eyes, lifts up his head, sighs as if he would crack the Fibres of his heart, and breaks forth into shore
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and incoherent, but desperate ejaculations. He exclaims even against *Heaven*; he defies *Fate* to make him more miserable; he reproaches *Fortune* with her giddiness; he curses the malevolence of his *Stars*, and renounces *Providence*. Now he condemns himself for negligence; then he reflects upon the innocent *Woman*, as the unhappy occasion of his wretchedness; and thinking that then he had lighted upon the true and chief cause of his Calamity, he falls to imprecate all the plagues and dire mischiefs in nature upon the heads of her whole Sex and vomits out these blasphemies against them.

“Ah *Woman, woman* (saith he) why
 “did Nature make you, unless, repent-
 “ing the perfection she had given to
 “Man, she found out you to lessen it
 “again? For, *Man* who otherwise
 “would be more than half-*Divine*;
 “only by being obnoxious to the cor-
 “rupt temptations of *Woman*, is made
 “less than half-*Human*. What misery
 “ever befell him, in which *Woman*
 “had not a hand? What crime did he
 “ever commit, to which she did not in-
 “cite him? What Tragedy hath at any
 “time

"time been acted in the Theatre of the
 "world, in which a Woman had not
 "her part? What war, What desola-
 "tion, What ruine hath not found its
 "beginning in that mischievous Sex?
 "How many mighty Nations, flou-
 "rishing Kingdoms, prosperous Com-
 "mon-wealths, populous Cities, and
 "noble Families, have owed their de-
 "struction, to either the Malice or
 "Pride, or Lust of Woman? What
 "are you Women, but the poyson of
 "Man's Innocence and Peace, which
 "Nature hath gilded over with a splen-
 "did out-side, that we might swallow
 "it down with the less suspicion? All
 "your beauties, all your charms are
 "but like the apples of *Sodom*, which
 "have fair and inviting rinds, and yet
 "within are nothing but stinking dust;
 "you are the true *Sirens*, that enchant
 "us with the melody of your voyce,
 "and then hold us captives in the
 "chains of bestial slavery. You are
 "the true *Hiena's*, that allure us with
 "the fairness of your skins; and when
 "folly hath brought us within your
 "reach, you leap upon us and devour
 "us. You are the traiters to Wisdom;
 "the impediment to Industry; the
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“stacles to honour; the softners of courage;
 “rage; the perturbers of tranquility; the
 “clogs to virtue, and goads that drive
 “us to all Vice, Impiety and Ruine. You
 “are the Fools Paradise, the Wise-
 “mans Plague, and the grand Error of
 “Nature. What shall I say? I want
 “words to express your pravity; as I
 “did my Reason when I set my foot in-
 “to this unlucky, this fatal place.

Detestor omnes, horreo, fugeo, execror.
Sit ratio, sit natura, sit dirus furor;
Odisse placuit.

Having thus belched out this inve-
 ctive against poor innocent Women
 (who deserved much better language at
 his hands) his wild imagination, (which
 catcheth at any thing) wheels about,
 and he thus vomits the remainder of
 his Choller upon himself.

“What damned Spirit was it that
 “conducted me into this Charnel-
 “house, and made me quit my duty?
 “Where was the care and Vigilancy of
 “my Good Angel, when he left me to
 “be seduced into this dismal Vault?
 “Would I had fallen into a den of Ly-
 “ons and Tygers, when I lighted upon
 “this Woman here: then had I dyed
 “innocent

"innocent, and without dishonour;
 "whereas now I have contracted a guilt,
 "whose punishment is an infamous
 "death, and that inevitable, unless I
 "prevent the stroke of Justice, and be-
 "come my own Executioner. Which
 "being the only refuge my Disaster
 "hath left me; why am I thus slow in
 "addressing my self unto it? why do I
 "waste that time, in weak and fruitless
 "complaints, which I ought to im-
 "ploy in delivering my self from the
 "extreamity of my misfortune, that is
 "yet to come? Dye I must by sen-
 "tence of the Magistrate; why then
 "should I defer to fall by my own
 "hand? To vindicate ones self from
 "extream, and otherwise inevitable
 "Calamity, by *Sui-cide* is not (certain-
 "ly) a Crime, but an act of Heroique
 "Fortitude. I am resolved therefore,
 "my sword shall prevent the ignomi-
 "ny of the Gallows, and by forcing o-
 "pen the Gates of death, I will stop up
 "the way to publique shame.

Cacus est ignis stimulatus ira
Nec Regi curat, patiturvé frenos:
Haud timet mortem; cupit ire in ipsos
obvius enses.

Here, he puts a period to his desperate Harangue, and hasting to put one to his life also, he suddainly unsheath's his sword; and beginning to set the Hilt of it upon the ground; that he may cast himself upon the point, he is most seasonably prevented by the *pious Matron*. Who being all this while ignorant of the Cause of his Fury, had been wholly possessed with amazement at the extravagant effects of it; so that she minded not a word of all those bitter reproaches he had cast forth against her whole Sex; but quickly rowed out of the stupifying fit of wonder, wherewith she had been invaded, by seeing him draw his sword; she throws her self into his arms, and partly by grasping his hands, partly by the charms of her kisses, tears, and entreaties, she so far becalms his rage, as that he seems not unwilling to prorogue at least the execution of that self-affasination, he intended, until he had convinced her of the necessity of it. "He tells
"her therefore, in short, that the body
"of a certain notorious villain,
"which he had been appointed to
"guard, was taken down from the Gib-
"bet, and convey'd away; that the
"penalty

“penalty of the like death, denounced by the Governour against him and his fellows (who had transferred the whole charge upon his care and vigilancy) was certain and inevitable, unless he killed himself, by way of prevention; that if she could have any sentiments of kindness for so unfortunate a wretch, as this sad Accident had made him; there was now no way left for her to express them, but by permitting him quietly to avert the infamy of a publique Execution, by a private with-drawing himself into the other world; and that it was some content to him, in this his Agony, that he should leave his body to be dissolved into the same dust with that of her former Lover, of whose singular Worth, Fame hath diffused so honourable a report. And having thus hastily delivered to her the Cause of his desperate Resolution, he begins again to free his hands of the encumbrance of hers, that he may speedily effect it.

But, good and tender hearted *Creature*! her Affection was too great, to suffer her to yield to any thing conducing to his death; and the more he

strives to disingage her breast from his,
the closer she clings to him; vowing
withal, "That if he wounded himself, it
"should be by forcing the sword first
"through her body. To which she ad-
"ded, that she would not live to be so
"miserable, as to lose so dear a person
"so soon, and in the same place, where
"she had been so happy to find him
"unexpectedly; that, very Gratitude
"forbad her to consent to the taking
"away his life, who had lately and
"miraculously preserved hers, and (as
"she had some reason to believe) in-
"fused a new life into her; that it would
"be less affliction to her, to die before
"him, than to survive and behold at
"once the dead bodies of Two per-
"sons, each of which she had loved
"infinitely above her own life; and that
"the death he so much dreaded from
"from the Hangman, was not so un-
"avoidable, as his Fears had made
"him imagine, but there were other
"ways of evasion, besides self-mur-
"der, and would he but follow her ad-
"vice, she doubted not to put him up-
"on such a course, as should procure
"both his own security and her content.

The

The *Soldier*, more effectually wrought upon by this last clause, than by all else she had said; and remembering the old saying, that *Women are always more subtle and ingenious at Evasions, in sudden Exigences, than men*: he easily promi-
seth (as who would not in his case ?) to listen to her Counsel, and pursue it also, if it appeared reasonable.

“ Well then, saith this *Good-Woman*;
“ since the body of the best and great-
“ est of mortals, is but a lump of Clay,
“ after the departure of the soul, which
“ gave it life, sense, and motion; that
“ all Relations are extinguished in
“ Death, all Piety is determined in the
“ Grave; and that it is but Charity to
“ use the reliques of the Dead, in case of
“ necessity, to preserve the Living: why
“ should not I dispense with the Forma-
“ lity of posthume Respects to the
“ putrifying Corps of my deceased
“ Husband, and make use of it for the
“ preservation of my living Friend, with
“ whose life my own is inseparably
“ bound up, and whose danger, there-
“ fore is equally mine? Come, there-
“ fore, my Dear, and let us take my
“ Husband's body out of his Coffin and

"place it upon the Gibbet, in the room
 "of the Malefactor, which you say
 "hath been stoln away. Death (you
 "know) doth so change & disfigure the
 "Countenance, as to disguise it from
 "the knowledge of even the most fa-
 "miliar Acquaintance. Who then can
 "distinguish this his naked body from
 "the other? Besides, we will besmear his
 "face with blood and dirt, and rather
 "than fail in any part of resemblance,
 "break his Arms and Legs, and make
 "the same wounds in him, the Execu-
 "tioner did in the Rogue's: so that his
 "nearest Relations shall not be able to
 "find a difference, much less shall stran-
 "gers, who come to gaze upon such
 "horrid spectacles, out of a savage Cu-
 "riosity, and commonly stand aloof
 "off.

Here I cannot but cry out with Father, *Chancer*,
 in his Ballad of the *praise of Women*.

Lo what gentilleste these women have,
 If we could knowe it for our rudeness.
 How busie thei be us to keepe and save
 Both in heale, and also in sickness,
 And alwaie right sozie for our distress.
 In every maner thus shewe thei routh,
 That in hem is all goodness and trouth.

For

(born,
 For of all creatures that ever were get and
 This wote ye well, a woman was the best.
 By her was recovered the blis that we had
 (borne :
 And through the woman we shall come to rest,
 And been saved, if that our self lest.
 Wherefore me thinketh, if that we had grace;
 We oughten honour women in every place,

The Souldier quickly approves the Woman's project, how to excuse him; and having no time (for, now day was approaching) to insist upon acknowledgement either of her great Love, or of the felicity of her Wit: he joyns his strength with hers, and removes the Husband's Corps out of the Vault to the Gibbet, whereon he placeth it, in the same posture, he had left the villains, omitting no part of those resemblances she had suggested, as requisite to delude the spectators. Which done, He and his incomparable Mistress secretly retire to his obscure lodging, there to consult further, not only of their present safety, but also how they might continue that mutual happiness, which Fortune had so unexpectedly begun betwixt them. And while they are there delibe-

deliberating, give me leave to deliver
my self of a certain Concept I have in
my head, which is, that the witty in-
vention this Matron lighted upon, on
the suddain, and in desperate extremi-
ty, was that which gave the first occasi-
on to this Proverb, *A Womans wit is
always best at a dead life.*

FINIS.

THE
Cimmerian
MATRON,
To which is added,
THE
MYSTERIES
And
MIRACLES
OF
LOVE.

By P. M. Gent.

*Qui cavet, ne decipiatur; vix cavet, etiam cum cavet:
Etiam cum cavisse ratus est, is cantor captus est.*
Plautus.

In the SAVOY:
Printed for Henry Herringman at the Sign of the
Anchor in the Lower-walk of the
New-Exchange. 1668.

7A,



TO THE
AUTHOR
OF THE
Ephesian Matron.

My dearest Friend,



Y^e can be, I perceive,
both highly obliging,
and no less severe to
one and the same Per-
son, in one and the
same act. When you
were pleas'd last Summer, to send me
your EPHESIAN MATRON, with
strict Command, that I should entertain
her, as jealous Italians do their Mistresses,
mew her up in my Cabinet, from sight
of the whole world: You sent a Present
(I

(I acknowledge) than which nothing could have been more gratefull; but you conjoyn'd therewith a Restriction, than which none could have been more rigorous. You gave me good Wine, and then gelt it with Water; as the Spanish saying is of such, who destroy their own benefits. Like an imperious Lord, you would have had the Lady my Tenent at your will: and after you had made me a free Grant, you inserted a Proviso to render it void. In a word, your Injunction to me, to restrain her from the conversation of all others, was not only tyrannical and inhumane in it self (for, as our great Moralist, and beloved Author, Chaucer, in the Wife of Bath's Prologue.

He is to great a Niggarde, that will werne
A man, to light a candle at his Lanterne;)

but also inconsistent with both the goodness of her nature, and the freedome of my enjoying the pleasures thereof. For,

First, the love of Liberty is no less natural to the soft and delicate Sex, than

to our harder and martial one : nor doth
our Magna Charta contain more Privi-
ledges and Franchises, than theirs. Nay,
their Beauty, as being the Ofspring of
light (for Plato defined it to be the luster
of the Soul resplendent in the bodie) justi-
fies their abhorrence of confinement. Hence
no Law-givers have ever been so unrea-
sonable, so unhumane, as to abridge Wo-
men of their native priviledge of a free
and open conversation with Men. And
we should live but uncomfortably at best,
if we denied them, especially while they
are young, handsom, and well dress'd, to
shew themselves abroad in company, and
appear in frequent assemblies. Besides,
as the same Wife of Bathe speaks in the
name of her whole sex,

**We love no man, that taketh keepe or charge
Where that we go ; we woll be at our large.**

Nor is it less difficult to put restraint up-
on a Lady of her sprightly and debonaire
humor, than to imprison the Sun-beams,
catch the winds in a net, or impound an

Eagle

Eagle (as the Aldermen of Gotham did a Cuckow) within a hedge : and he who is so well conceited of his vigilancy, or power, as to attempt it ; is capable of being perswaded also, that he can make Glass malleable, square the Circle, prevent the decay of beauty by Time, or repair it by the oyl of Talk. Novelty is a Loadstone to us all, especially to Women, who naturally are so much given to Curiosity, that some Divines have held, our Great Grandmother Eve had never longed for the forbidden fruit, had it not been forbidden. Hence that Proverb, where Jealousie is Jaylor, most break prison, which was literally verified in the Wife of the Goaler, in Aristenatus ; who though strictly watch'd and lock'd up by the jealous Coxcomb her Husband, yet found an opportunity to be loose, while she was in strong hold.

*Quisquis vectibus & feris
Custodit uxorem, cum sibi sapiens vi-
Stultus est.*

*(deatur
Again,*

Again, you were not ignorant, that I am of so Charitable and Communicative a Genius, that I hate to eat my morsels alone, though they be never so sweet and delicious. One of my Maxims is, quo communius, eo suavius; the more delectable I find any thing to my self, the more desirous I am to impart the same to my Friends and Acquaintance: it being not the least of my pleasures, to accommodate and please others.

Knowing, therefore, on one part, that the Ephesian was amiable, tempting and witty; and on the other, that I am no Monopolizer of such Commodities, but of a publick spirit and free-hearted: You ought either not to have put her into my hands, or not to have expected I should restrain her from shewing her self to the world. Nor am I to be so much blamed, for permitting her to go to London, and appear openly in the New Exchange: as you are for imagining, that so fair and polite a Creature deserved

G

such

such harsh usage, as to be alwayes confined with me in an obscure Country Village among Fanatick Weavers and Cloth-workers.

But, you'll say (I presume) as poor Malbecco said in excuse of his jealousy; that you grounded your command of Secresie, not upon distrust of the Matrons virtue, but upon fear of having your judgment and honour brought into question, if the censorious World should once come to know, who it was, that brought her from Rome, and furnished her with so handsome an English dress. And this seems a good Cautiō; but was it a prudent one? What cause had you for it? More than one. Well then, I guess at your thoughts. You feard, lest some men might be of so severe a brow, as to think you had forgotten the Gravity required in a Philosopher, and one of your ripe years, while you indulged your Pen, the liberty of touching
upon

upon an Amorous Argument, though without violation of Modesty, and only for divertisement. You feard, lest others, less acquainted with Books, might mistake the History for a Fiction; and you for the Author: and thereupon take occasion to discredit both. You feard again, lest others might pervert the sense of your Text by a false Comment, interpret what you intended only for an innocent and facetie Exercise of your Wit, to be a designe of Malice, a studied Satyr against Women. These are all the Reasons I can imagine you could alleage against my exposing to publick view that good-natur'd Stranger.

To let you see, then, how much you were deceived in the weight of these Objections, suggested to you by your fear of Detraction and Scandal; and withall briefly to Apologize for my own transgression of your Command,

in transmitting the Ephesian to the Press (for, that I own to my act :) I find my self obliged to perpend them one by one in the ballance of Equity.

In the First place, you had no reason to think Love to be so juvenile and sooty an Argument, that you could not handle it without contracting Stains upon your Reputation. For, that Erotic passion is allowed by all learned men to be a species of Melancholy, and in that name your very Profession gave you a just title to inquire into the origine, nature, causes, signes, symptomes, &c. thereof. Again, you have the authority of no less man than Marsilius Ficinus (in præfat. ad Convivium Platonis) omnem Amorem honestum esse, & bonum, omnesque amore dignos, qui bene dicunt de amore; that all Love is honest and good, and all those worthy to be loved, who speak well of it. Nor need you seek long for Presidents in the case. Among Antient Philosophers, you have Plato

(Συμμετοχή)

(Συμπόσιον, ἢ περὶ Ἐρώτος) Xenophon (sympos.) Theophrastus (*if we may believe Athenæus, lib. 13. cap. 9.*) Plutarch, Plotinus, Maximus Tyrius, Cadmus Milesius (*who, as Langius, in lib. 1. Epist. 24. observes out of Suidas, wrote no less than 14. Books of Love*) and Avicenna. Among the Moderns, Picus Mirandula, Marius Æquicola, both in Italian; Kornmannus de linea Amoris lib. 3. Petrus Godefridus, in as many; and P. Hædus. Of Physicians, you have Arnoldus de villa nova, Valleriola, Ælian Montaltus, in their Treatises of Melancholy; Valescus de Taranta, Gordonius, Hercules de Saxonia, Savanarola, Langius, Sennertus, Tulpius: some of whom have written express Tractates of the nature and extent of Love-melancholly; and others rare observations of the strange and prodigious Effects of the same. Yea, of Divines themselves you have Examples not a few; of which I shall put you in mind only of two, as most

memorable. One is that of Heliodorus, a
reverend Bishop, who penned the famous
Love-story of Theagines and Chariclea:
and when some sower Cato's of that time
reprehended him for it, chose rather
(saith Nicephorus, Histor. lib. 12. cap.
34.) to leave his Bishoprick, than dis-
avow his Book. The other is of Æneas
Silvius, an ancient Theologue; who after
the 40. year of his age, as himself confesseth
(in præfat. lib. 1.) composed that wan-
ton Roman of Euryalus and Lucrecia.
To these I could have added other two
eminent Divines of our own time and
Nation, Mr Burton, who wrote copious-
ly and learnedly of Love-melancholy;
and Dr. Tailer, who thought it no dimi-
nution of his Gravity, to recount (if I
remember well, in his Art of living and
dying virtuously) the very same story of
the Ephesian Matron, as an instance of
Human Frailty. Nay, I might alleage the
Loves of Jacob and Rachel, of Siche-
m and Dinah, Juda and Thamar, Samp-
son

son and Dalilah, David and Bersheba, Ammon and his Sister, Salomon and Pharaoh's Daughter, &c. all mentioneth in Sacred Writ. But I have been already too prolix in an Argument so common and obvious. To conclude this first part, therefore, of your Justification; if it were no dishonour to these grave Authors to have treated of Love; why should you, a Natural Philosopher, and yet no old man, apprehend it so dangerous a thing to your good name, to let the world know, you had bestowed a few vacant hours, for your divertisement, upon the same Subject? Had you been at that time twice as old as you are now, I, for my part, should have liked your Characters of Love so much the better: because (as the Lord John answered the Queen in that Italian Guazzo, lib. 4. de civili conversatione) a grave and discreet Person is fittest to discourse of Amorous adventures, as having more experience, and more staid judgment,

to make wholesome and usefull Remarques thereupon, for the advice and caution of greener heads.

As for your Second imaginary Objection, viz. that the Ephesian might be thought the Minerva of your Brain, your natural Daughter, when indeed she was only your adopted one : certainly, my dear Friend, you had laid aside your considering-cap, when you sufferd so light a conceipt to make any the least impression upon your skull. For, every Scholar very well knows, that the Lady being the Daughter of Petronius Arbiter, in his Satyricon, cannot therefore be less then sixteen hundred years elder than you. Whether she was a True, or a Roman-tique one ; the Author having kept that in his breast, I am not able, after so long an interval of time, to determine. But thus much I can assure those, who doubt of her Reality ; that Flavianus, apud Salisberiensem, affirms that the Story is a true one, and that the Woman
suffer'd

suffer'd death for her parricidal wickedness and adultery, as he (in my judgment too severely) styles her fault. This Parenthesis begets a Digression.

I say, too severely; because her Husband being newly dead of some violent sickness, and she then a Widow, when she so graciously obliged the Souldier: where was either her Parricide, or her Adultery? I should think, that either the Ephesian Laws against removing the dead out of their Sepulchres, were inhumanely strict; if her Judges were thereby obliged to account that fact in her equivalent to Parricide: or that Flavianus had been misinformed in that part of the Story. For, as to the other part of her Charge, her so facil and suddain giving her self up to the Souldiers embraces; had the Laws of the place made it capital (which I believe they did not, because I never read of any Laws so extremely rigorous, in any of the Cities of Greece) yet she had wit enough to evade them, by pretending

Mar-

Marriage to her new Lover. Here I have an opportunity to observe to you, that though that excellent Divine, newly quoted, Dr. Tayler, was pleased so to sweeten and extenuate the Levity of the Woman, as to tell his Readers, that she married the Souldier in the Vault, yet I cannot assent to him in that particular. The words of Petronius, indeed, are these; Jacuerunt, (or, as the best Critiques read, latuerunt) una, non tantum illa nocte, qua nuptias fecerunt, sed postero etiam ac tertio die, &c. But all who are conversant in the Latin tongue, well understand, that nubere & nuptias facere, is by a modest Metalepsis used, by the ancient Romans, *proprie* as Plautus used it, Pseud. act. 1. scen. 3. and as Voscus (in Etymologic.) judiciously holds Petronius to have used it in this place. Which I occasionally touched upon, not as a defect of Judgment, but an excess of Charity in that learned and pious Divine;
who

who was willing to honest the poor womans lapse, by an interpretation to her most favorable, and to her Sex least offensive.

To return to my tracing of the Story it self. Jan. Doufa, in his Notes upon this Chapter of Petronius, tells us, that the very same Novel was put into elegant Latin verse by one Romulus, an antique Grammarian; that long after that it was copiously written in the German language, and thence translated again into Latin, by Fr. Modius, a Civilian, who changed the persons, new-molded the Story, and publish'd it under this Title: *Ludus septem sapientum de Astrei, regii adolescentis, educatione, periculis, &c.* and that about the year of Christ 110. cc. it was rendred in French Rithm by Hebertus, a Clerk. To these I could have added others also, through whose hands our Matron passed, had I not wanted the latest Edition of Petronius by Gabbema, who has been diligent in deriving

deriving her pedigree; and to whom I
am compelled to refer you. Mean while
it is well known even to the vulgar of
our Nation, that she hath found a place
in the Book of the Seven Wise Masters;
and is the chief Person in the Comedy
called the Widdows Tears. Now it be-
ing thus credible, that the Ephesian was
no Roman, no Fairy or Child of Fancy,
but a very Woman of flesh and blood,
and notoriously manifest, that she hath
been Favorite to many learned and grave
Men, who have handed her down (*ὡς ἀν-
στα τῆς λαμπροσύνης*) from Nation to Nati-
on, from age to age, keeping the torch of
her beauty unextinct, and giving her a
perpetual Youth by the Nepenthe of their
immortal Penns: whoever shall take her
for Your Daughter (I do not say Mi-
stress) will discover ignorance enough
to render him the subject of scorn and
derision; nor will he more easily find be-
lief among the sober and judicious, than
if he should report you to be the Souldier,
who

who cured her of her Grief, by easing himself of his Love.

As for the Last Objection, your fear to fall into the displeasure of the Ladies, who being naturally jealous of the honour of their sex, possibly might suspect the Book to be at best but a well-disguis'd Satyr against them : I conceive that to be already sufficiently prevented, partly by what you have, in many places of the Book it self, said in honour of their Virtues; partly by my precedent solutions of your two former Objections. For, since I have made it apparent, that you are not the first Philosopher who hath exercised his wit and pen in consideration of their admirable power of Love, nor Author of Story of that Amorous Adventure of the Ephesian, which Ladies are most likely to condemn : I see no reason, why any Woman should take offence, for that you have in chaste and unblameable language illustrated the nature of
the

the Former, by observing the wonderful Accidents of the Later. All causes are best known by their effects : and in all Arguments, simple Discourses, without Examples, are flat and unpersuasive. To me, therefore, it seems rather a virtue, than a fault in you, that having designed to examine the forces of that Universal Tyrann, Love ; You made choice of a short and memorable Story, in which the same were clearly Exemplified. Besides this, I can allege in your defence, what the learned Mycillus, being reprehended for translating some of the profaner Dialogues of Lucian, pleaded in his own ; Operi suscepto serviendum fuit, you were obliged to comply with your Province, and to prosecute the work you had taken in hand.

If it be farther urged, that you bring in the Souldier most bitterly railing upon, and blaspheming the whole Sex, I answer, that you could not with decency avoid it. Because you were bound in your
Narra-

Narration to introduce him in that distemper of Passion, into which his misfortune and danger had transported him. Otherwise you could not conserve the τὸ πρέπον (as Aristotle properly calls it) the Decorum of either his Person, or his passion, or the Occasion of it. For, he is delivered to have been no accomplish'd and polite Courtier, nor unpassionate Stoic, but a blunt and Choleric Fellow, a Common Souldier: and being enraged at the stealing away of the Malefactors Carcasses from the Gibbet, and reflecting upon the obliging Lady (who, as you well observe, deserved more respect and gratitude at his hands) as the chief cause of his negligence: it is highly probable, that he brake forth into dire imprecations & reproaches, such perhaps as those, in which you imagine him to have vented his furious resentments. In Poets, all acknowledg it an Excellency, to accommodate every person whom they introduce, with language and action agreeable to his Character & Passion:
why

why then should the same be a Vice in you, where you were obliged to represent a person almost distracted with a syndrome of Remorse, Fear, Anger and Despair; the least of which was violent enough to make him forget his late obligations to his Mistress, and the civility due to her Sex? So that it may with more justice be said, that the Soldier put that invective Harangue into your Pen; than it can, that you put it into his mouth. In fine, I dare be so far your Compurgator in the case, as to swear, that it went against your very soul to be necessitated, by the condition of your Theme, to say any thing that tended to the disparagement of the beautifull and delicate Sex: and however you may suffer by the prejudice of some Ladies, to whom your Person and Conversation are unknown; there are others, I am sure, who will vindicate you from the infamy of a Woman-hater.

Now,

Now, my dearest Friend, if what you have heard me say here, in way of a short Remonstrance of the Innocency and Candor of your Ephesian, be judged by you sufficient to reconcile the Ladies to her, and my self to you, after my offence committed against both, in exposing her to publick censure : truly I shall think my self no less happy in being instrumental to your vindication, than I have thought my self unhappy in being so to your Scandal. If not, there is no way left for me to expiate my fault, but by involving my self also in the same danger, to which my excess of good-nature hath made you obnoxious. Having in sport thrown you into the river, and finding you unable to bear up against the impetuous torrent of Feminine prejudice, that is violent enough to overset a Navy : I am resolved to leap in after, and either save you from sinking, or perish with you. Well then, to let you see how far I dare to hazard my own fame, to preserve

H

yours ;

yours'; behold a Second Matron, whose Amorous Adventure very neerly resembles that of the kind Ephesian. She in like manner falls into an Intrigue (as they now adays call it) with a Souldier, and at first sight too : and encountring no small difficulty in the pursuit of her love, is witty enough both to surmount that, and conceal her stoln pleasures, by a trick that pass'd for no less than a Miracle. Having found the Novel in the Comus five Phagesiposia Cimmeria of that witty and erudite Noble Italian, Erycius Puteanus ; and out of his elegant Latin translated into plain English ; I now bring it as a Handmaid to wait upon the Ephesian, at least, if you think it worthy of that honour. And because I would have this Cimmerian come as neer to the Ephesian in Habit and Equipage, as she doth in Manners and Fortune ; I have taken a little pains to dress her, as you did the other, like the Mistress of a Philosopher. Finding it very undecent

to interlace the Narration with Philosophical Speculations, as you have done the former ; because her adventure admits no pauses or intervals, wherein the Reader ought to be diverted for Modesty sake : I have been constrained, therefore, to put all her Garniture in one place, at the end, where you will meet with it under the title of The Mysteries and Miracles of Love. ¶

**Here endeth the Squiers Prologue,
and here after followeth his Tale.**

H 2

THE





THE
CIMMERIAN
MATRON.



IN the Confines of *Cimmeria*, there, not long since lived a certain Gentlewoman, of shape more exact than a Statue formed by all the rules of *Leon Battista Alberti*; of features and complexion more sweet and delicate than those of *Venus* her self; of reputation as clear and immaculate as *Diana*. Wife she was to one, whom Usury had made Rich, and Riches eminent; with whom she enjoy'd all the pleasures of conjugal Love and Fidelity; not so much as dreaming of any content but in his indulgence and embraces,

The Cimmerian Matron.

But, ah! how mutable are humane Affections! how many faults doth time discover, which were before concealed! This Woman had but newly acquired the Fame of a chaste and obsequious Wife, when Lust succeeding into the place of honesty, wrought so unhappy a change in her, that now she began to nauseate the wholesome viands of the Marriage bed, and long for strange and forbidden delicacies; inso-much, that her former humour of complacency and fondness by degrees degenerated into a perfect abhorrence of the Person and Company of her most uxorious Husband.

For, having by accident cast her eyes upon a young *Soldier*, naked, and bathing himself; Love entred into them together with the image of the tempting object. [*nudus membra Pyramon---*]

She saw the man, that he was like a Knight,
 And sufficient of person and of might,
 And like to been a very Gentleman;
 And well his words he beset can,
 And had a noble visage for the nones,
 And formed well of brawn and of bones;
 And after yeaus had soche faireness,
 That no man might be halfe so faire I gesse;
 And well a Lord he seemed for to be.
 And for he was a stranger, som what she
Liked

Lik'd him the bet ; as God do bote,
To some folk often new thing is sote.]

Yet be not too severe in condemn-
ing the passion of a frail Woman, You,
who know how strong and quick assaults
Cupid often makes upon Forts so weak-
ly man'd, and with what unresistable
Artillery he is provided. Her *Husband*
observing a change in her, at first ad-
mired what should be the cause of her
discontent, and coldness toward him ;
using in the mean time all imaginable
caresses and endearments to sweeten her
melancholly, and dispel those gloomy
clouds that had overcast her joys. After
all his Courtship and Arts of Kind-
ness proving unsuccessful, he grew suspi-
cious (what was indeed too true) that
she had removed her Affection from
him, and fix'd it upon some other per-
son. For, though she carefully conceal'd
from him her flame, and often endea-
vour'd to suppress it, even with showers
of tears, especially when 'twas newly
kindled : yet that, like wild-fire, raging
the more by opposition, and break-
ing forth in flashes of discontent, she
was not able so to hide it, but that he
perceived her heart was scorch'd : Her
melancholly had quite altered the

graceful and charming Aire of her face, consumed her spirits, destroyed the Roses in her cheeks, bedimm'd the lustre of her sparkling eyes, and reduced her to a dejected and languishing condition. To these symptoms you may add restless nights, broken discourses, love of solitude, suddain startings, unwilling sighs, and all other signs, by which a wounded heart is forced to betray it self. No wonder then, if the vigilant *Usurer* soon became confirmed in his jealousy; which yet he used as much cunning to obscure from her, as she had to conceal her passion from him. But Love is no less difficult to be resisted, than to be disguised: and now our impatient *Matron* can no longer live without the help of her Gallant.

Having therefore some knowledge of a certain wise Woman of the same Town, one of the Grand-daughters of *Pandarus*, such as the *French* call *Messagers d'Amour*, a *Bawd* of Quality, she addresses to her, and without much difficulty engages her to go Ambassadress to the Man of Arms, and negotiate with him about a firm League of Love, and a private interview upon the first fair opportunity. In this Treaty,
there

there needed not much of Rhetorick on the part of this *Oratrix*, the Soldier, (who was indeed so handsome and proper a Fellow, that *Diana* her self might without any disparagement to her judgement, have preferred him to *Endymion*; and wanted not wit enough to serve himself of so advantageous an occasion) accepting and assenting to the conditions proposed with all alacrity and gratitude imaginable. So that now nothing was wanting to the mutual ratification of the amorous Ligue, but an opportunity for the two *Princes* (for, such their *hopes* had made them) interchangeably to *sign* and *Seal*, which the watchfulness of the jealous *Husband* made extreamly difficult: he making it his main business to observe, not only all the motions of her feet, and whither she went at any time, but those also of her eies; so that you would have thought the beatious *Jo* once again committed to the custody of *Argus*.

Among a thousand other plots and stratagems his troubled Imagination suggested to him, towards the discovery of what he equally fear'd and desir'd to know, he at last fixes upon this, as most hopeful, to pretend a journey from home,

home, and by an unexpected return to surprize his wife; confident, by this artifice, he should at length arrive at the certain knowledge both of the nature and cause of her disease. According to this politick resolution, he prepares for a long journey, and dissembling a sad valediction to his dear *Fidessa* (who, you may believe, as truly counterfeited sorrow as himselfe, and moistned her parting kisses with artificial tears) sets forth early in the morning, in an hour long wish't for on both sides, nor unlucky to either.

No sooner was the *Husband* gone, than the glad *Wife* thinking that now the propitious time drew near, when her desires should be crown'd with solid pleasures, and her imaginary embraces exchanged for real ones; soon gave Commission to her *Emissary*, who was the very buckle and thong of Venery, instantly to advertise her *Paramore*, that the Festival of Love was come, and that the *Husbands* departure had open'd the door to their meeting with freedom and security. This welcome message was as speedily delivered as received, and an *Assignation* made, that immediately after the wearied *Sun* had resigned

resigned his Empire in the upper Hemisphere to Night, and mortals began to supply his absence with an artificial day of Candle-light; our valiant and well provided Lover should come to the back door of his *Saints* Chappel, by which he should be introduced and conducted into the *Chancel*, and thence to the *Altar*, upon which he was to offer up his Sacrifice and pay his vows; and that done, return to his quarters, without the least suspicion of the Neighbours. In the mean time, lest the Incense he brought with him might not be sufficient to maintain the flame of love the whole night, and his zeal cool through too much fervency at first; the provident *Matron* made ready a *Collation* of generous Wines, Conserves, and other restorative *quelques Choses*, to help carry on the work; and set them in order upon a little Table in her bed-chamber. She contrived also her affair so circumspectly, as to send her *Chamber-maid*, who was indeed the Husband's principal spie over her, to the wedding of a Neighbours Daughter, not without reason, presuming that the wenches curiosity to pry into the pleasant rites of the Bridal night, and her ambition

ambition to be most lucky in the superstitious sport throwing the Brides stocking, would long enough divert her from her charge at home. And thus far all things went on according to their wishes, nor did any thoughts disquiet the calmer breasts of our pair of Lovers, but such as usually arise from vehement *expectation*; the Soldier dreaming of nothing but Victory, Triumph, and Spoils; and the Lady of high content in having her Fort new man'd, and making the Assailant her Captive. But, Oh, the capriciousness of *Fortune*! or rather the vigilance of *Jealousie*!

The appointed hour being at length come, the punctual *Soldier* making haste to enter upon his Duty, to guard the fair *Matron* from Spectres and Goblins, in the absence of her Husband; advanceth to the postern door of her house, as he had been directed, but finding it shut, and hearing no noise within, he made a halt, and very discreetly forbearing to knock, fell to the posture of a diligent *Sentinel*, softly walking to and fro in the narrow Alley that led to the house from the Street, where while he was exercising his patience, it most unluckily hapned, that the no less vigilant

vigilant and impatient *Husband* (who had conceal'd himself at a Friends in the Neighbourhood) returned by the same Alley, and stealing along as softly and warily as a Thief to commit Burglary, takes good notice of the night-walker, whom he immediately concluded within himself to be the *Mars*, on whom his *Venus* was so *furiously* enamour'd; whereupon, entring his house, and locking the door behind him, with as little noise as a Pick-lock; he finds his wife in a dress of neat and rich night-linnen, like a Bride going to bed, which adding more Fuel to his suspicion, and exasperating the sense of his wrong; he puts on the countenance of rage and terror, with enflamed, and threatening eyes staring, as *Cæsars* Ghost upon *Brutus*, upon his poor surpris'd wife, who stood as still, by reason of her astonishment, as if she had been congealed by lightning, or transformed into a Statue. For *shame upon the unexpected frustration of an evil design, doth usually produce confusion*. Her soul, conscious of infidelity hitherto only in imagination and design, began to presage more evils, than it could have deserved, had her design succeeded into Acts
the

the violence of her passion being favourably considered. But, could she so soon have recollected her disordered spirits, and recovered the use of her tongue; her Husband's fury would have restrain'd her, and he yet could only breath revenge, not utter it in words. After a little pause, going into her bed-chamber, he there encounters with fresh causes of suspicion; the dressing-Table by the bed-side richly furnisht with provoking delicates, clean sheets, perfum'd pillows, and above all, his spie, the *Chambermaid*, conjur'd out of the way; confirm'd in his jealousy by these convincing signs, he now meditates upon nothing but Revenge, and how to effect it with the more security and apparence of justice. Resolved, therefore, by cruelty to extort a Confession, and so make her her own accuser; without speaking a word, he strips her to her snow-white skin, and carrying her down into the Porch, there, Linds her delicate Arms to one of the Pillars: had you been so happy to have beheld her in that deplorable posture, doubtless you would have thought you had seen the beautiful *Andromede* a second time chained naked to a Rock, and one, though

though perhaps not quite so chaste as she, yet, if Beauty had its due,

*She could not merit any bonds, beside
Those, with which Lovers mutually are*

(tyed;

and well worthy another *Perseus* to deliver, love and enjoy her. The hard-hearted *Usurer*, fancying to himself some satisfaction in this first Act of the Tragedy he intended; retires to his bed (though likely to have but a melancholy night of it, without his Consort) hoping by sleep to recompose his troubled mind.

In the mean time, our *Man of War*, who had promised to himselfe the height of all enjoyments, lay (Soldier like) perdue in the open Air; and when he had, till almost midnight in vain watched his *Mistresses* door, which still continued as fast shut, as the Temple of *Jannus* in time of peace, he returns back to the house of his *She-Officer* the *Bawd*, whom he found halfe naked, and prepared to keep one of *Venus's* *Vigils* with a *Client* of hers (for her *Clients* were often forced to gratifie her, for solliciting their Love-causes, with such Fees) whom at that very hour she expected.

expected. Ho, Mother, says he, with what tedious hope do I purchase from the Lady the pleasure promised me? I have already consumed a whole hour (longer indeed than a whole winters night) in fruitless expectation; while she, who sought my Love, and made the Assignment, hath not vouchsafed to open the door. 'Tis very strange, methinks, unless having forgot both her self and her appointment, she hath buried her amour in sleep. Go thy ways, dear Mother, and enquire the cause of my disappointment, and what commands the Lady hath for me; if to readvance, lo, I am ready for the combat; if to retreat, I am as ready to march off with flying Colours, and deferr the encounter till another night. Scarcely were these last words out of his mouth, when the Bawd, incited partly by the sense of her honour (for, those of her Trade must be punctual in their assignments) and partly by commiseration of his impatience, hastily casting a Mantle, (a most useful garment in such cases) over her Shoulders, catches the Soldier by the hand, and conducts him back to the door; which she opens with a Key given her by the Matron some while before, for her private access upon occasion,
and

and entreating him to stand close and silent for a few minutes without, she passes on through the Wood-yard and a little Garden, till she arrived at the walk under the Porch, where groping along, she had almost run her head against the living Statue there bound to a Pillar; which she no sooner discern'd, but surpriz'd with horror, as at sight of a Ghost or Apparition, she stood still and gazed with affrighted eyes. The milky whiteness of the *Matrons* skin to some degree, overcame the darkness of the moonless night; nor would it suffer her to be longer unperceived; so that the *Band* soon recovering her self out of her first consternation, boldly approaches to the *Lady*; and, omitting to enquire into the cause of her being in that strange and lamentable condition, delivers in few words the *Soldiers* message, even at that time not ungrateful to the receivers; for, the *Lady* finding the chains of Love more intollerable, than those of her barbarous Husband; and endowed with a *Wit* no whit inferior to her Beauty; soon apprehended, that now she had an opportunity to convert this her misfortune into a benefit, and that she ought not to despond, nor despair

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spair of reaping the delights, which the
jealousie of her Husband had hitherto
prevented. Thus reanimated with fresh
hope, she begins to wheadle the *Engi-
neer of Lust*, and pouring the oyl of
good language and endearing expressi-
ons into her ears, *My dearest Mother*,
says she, *my good Angel*, I can bear
this my affliction with patience, be-
coming the undaunted resolution of a Lo-
ver; yea more, I can change it into a
complete Felicity, if you will but vouch-
safe me your assistance; I know no way
to revenge my Husbands cruelty, but to
deserve it by acting what he so much fears.
Help me then to meet and embrace my Lo-
ver, that he who hath so kindly entertain'd
my invitation, so justly observed our ap-
pointment, may neither accuse me of
breach of faith, nor want the reward due
to his Fidelity. Let your courteous hands
untie the knots that hamper mine, and for
a few minutes free me from these bonds,
that I may really deserve them. These
charms soon wrought upon the good
nature of the *Bawd*, who was the ve-
ry *Renet of Concupiscence*; so that she
readily disingaged her Daughter from
the cold embraces of the Pillar.

Who

Who being thus happily at liberty, assumes more Courage and Wit from her adventure; and falls to perswade her deliverer to suffer her self to be bound with the same Cord, and to supply her room only while she hasted to her *Gallant*, to give him an assurance of her constancy; she told her, there could be no hazard in the enterprize, since her Husband was in his bed and fast asleep, and all the world but themselves at quiet, and within two minutes she would return and relieve her: Here-to she added such golden promises, as might have overcortie a mind much more obstinate and doubtful than the *Bawds*, who boggled at no danger to oblige a friend; but accordingly shifting her *Mantle* (some will have it to be only a *Blanket*) from her own shoulders to the *Matrons*, readily yielded her self to be bound to the Pillar, in the same manner as she had found her Predecessor. This certainly was a most pleasant Scene, well worthy a Theatre, and might make a good plot for a *Tragicomedy*. The *Matron* leaving her Deputy thus bound and naked, yet without impeachment of her modesty; and mounting on the wings of love, fled

in an instant to her *Paramour*: 'Twas a bold and adventurous Act this, for a Woman so lately surprized, so cruelly treated, so miraculously delivered; nay, not yet delivered from danger of greater torments, and perhaps of death; thus to throw her self into the Arms of her Adulterer, to force, even destiny it self to give way to the satisfaction of her desires. But *Love inspires Audacity and Contempt of all perils into the Weakest and most timorous hearts.*

Hardly had the greedy *Matron* with silence express'd her joy, and tasted the first dish of Loves Banquet, *Kisses*, a dish that doth at once satisfy and provoke the Appetite; when the *Soldier*, deceived by the *Mantle* she had borrowed, and mistaking her for the true owner thereof, began to put her from him, as scorning to use his Arms against so base and impudent an Enemy; but she soon guessing at the cause of his aversion, by her harmonious voice, which yet she durst not raise above a whisper, convinced him of his error, and restored him to a due assurance, that he had the person he look'd for, and no *Change-ling*: Whereupon, omitting all further ceremonies, he did his devoir to verify the

the good opinion she had at first sight, when he was bathing himself, conceived of his *good parts*; and she, on the other side (if at least there were now any distinction of sides) did hers, to fix him in a confidence, that her Love was *true* and unfeigned. ¶

While these our zealous votaries to the Goddess of Pleasures, are at their silent devotions; the silly *Cuckold*, (now I think we may call him so) her *Husband*, who is an example of that Sentence in *Seneca*, that *many times, by seeking to avoid dangers we run headlong into the midst of them*, was in a slumber, wherein his perturbed imagination presented to him dismal and insupportable visions: he dreamed that he saw his wife sacrificing her honour, and doing that odious Act, that drew an indelible stain and reproach upon him and his whole Family; having broken her bonds asunder, and mixing her self with her armed Adulterer in closest embraces; that himself, while he was labouring to revenge the contumelious injury, was transformed into a *Satyr*: The horror of this ominous dream interrupting his slumber, and his Fancy retaining a deep impression of those dire Phan-

tasmies, he begins to believe his transformation to be real, and feels his Nose, if it were not grown crooked like a *Satyr's*; his Forehead, if it were not armed with Antlers; his Thighs, if they were cloth'd with shaggy hair; his feet, if they were not cloven, and his Toes turned into hoofs; then still credulous of the first part of his vision, he leaps out of his bed, throws open the window, and calls aloud upon his wife, who was now either out of hearing, or not at leisure to give answer to his curses and reproaches; But alas! the Reverend *Bail*, her *Confident*, heard and trembled; she now, though too late, found the error of her kindness, and saw no way to safety but by obstinate silence, which she with more resolution and constancy kept, than one of *Pythagoras* Scholars during his novitiate, in spite of the ingeminated exclamations of the enraged *Malbecco*, who exasperated by that Contempt (for so he understood it) and fancying some Divine suggestions to revenge from the *Genius* of the Marriage-bed, snatches up a Razor that lay in the Window, runs down the Stairs in the dark, and flying most furiously at the very face of his wives Deputy,

Deputy, catches her fast by her Nose, and with one well-guided flash cuts it quite off, then flinging the same in her face; *Thou worst of Women*, saith he, *worthy of a greater brand of infamy, there, take that token of my hate, and send it for a present to thy Adulterer; who perhaps will either grow more enamour'd upon this change of thy forme, this new-mo- dell'd face; or confess thee to have a better Title to his love by thy sufferings for his sake.* Thus insulting over the miserable wretch, and triumphing in his revenge, he returns to his thorny bed, there with sleep to ease his head, now in truth much *heavier* than before: What shall I say of the poor mangled and noseless *Bawd*? only this; that her fear of a worse accident, if she were known to her Tormentor, made her undergoe her pains and loss with more than a *Spartan* patience: Unhappy friendship! sad Exchange! it was her lot to be drencht with the Gall of Love, while the Matron suck'd the Honey of it: her evil destiny to be besmear'd with her own blood, while the more guilty wife was anointed with the Butter of Joy. Thus in *Duels*, we see, often the *seconds* are wounded,

while the *Principals* remain unhurt.

The Schismatical *Nose* was scarcely grown cold, when our *Faustina*, having finished her first trial of skill with her *Gladiator*, and with a thousand parting kisses dismiss'd him to recruit his spirits lost in the conflict, returns with the joys of a double victory to her Post. But, how short-lived a thing is sensual delight! how evanid are all our triumphs! when she understood the sufferings of her *Martyr*, the Sun-shin of her content was in a moment darkned with clouds of grief and dreadful apprehensions, and all her exulting smiles exchanged for tears and dejection of Mind. But *Grief and Fear*, are almost as bad Counsellors as Love, which our witty *Matron* well understanding, and remembring withal, that Nature had furnished her whole Sex with a faculty of quick invention, how to evade approaching danger, and to conceal faults; re-assures herself, and sets her brain on work how to palliate this wound, which was past her cure. She hath recourse, therefore, to the Art of Consolation, and endeavours to mitigate the *Bands* dolours with an *Anodyne* of kind and commiserating language. She bids her

"her not to be cast down with her mis-
 "fortune, which, carried with bravery
 "and discretion, might turn to her ad-
 "vantage, and prove a noble experi-
 "ment of her Fidelity among all the
 "Cimmerians; that the segment of her
 "Nose would be to *Venus* an offering as
 "grateful and propitiatory, as locks of
 "hair to other *Deities*; that if in a Sol-
 "dier, wounds in the face were honoura-
 "ble witnesses of his courage and brave-
 "ry; why should not those received in
 "the service of *Venus* be likewise ac-
 "counted marks of Gallantry and a da-
 "ring spirit: that though the now morti-
 "fied Nose could not be set on again (for
 "*Taglacotius* lived a great way off *Cim-*
 "*meria*) yet the wound would be easily
 "cured; and at worst if she were so foo-
 "lish to resolve not to live without one
 "(a thing many a person of greater qua-
 "lity had done before her) she would
 "cause a new one to be made for her of
 "much more value, and better mettall
 "than the first. This last promise mol-
 "lified more than all the consolatory rea-
 "sons precedent, and the *Bawd* (who
 "had a Soul so abject and Mercenary,
 "that she would for Money have sold
 "her eyes, and ears too into the bargain)
 becom's

becom's pacified and comforted there-with; then being loosed from the Pillar, and binding the *Matron* (who desired it) to the same; she gropes out the piece of her Nose, wraps it up in a corner of her Mantle, and away she trudges in quest of a *Chirurgion*; locking the back door very carefully after her, and reflecting upon the ill success of her *obligation*. C.

King *Salamon* reckoning *Conies* among the four sorts of *Animals*, that being little, are yet exceeding wise; saith of them; that *being a generation not strong, they make holes for themselves among the Rocks*. The same may be said of *Women*, who wanting strength to assert their faults, yet have cunning enough to hide them; they make burrows of excuses, and run into them, when in danger to be taken: Like *Statesmen*, who have for their Impress a Glass Bee-hive, with this Motto, *Nulli patet opus*; they do their business in the dark, or, (as a witty *Italian* expresseth it) *desmienten lo trasparente con un vanno de cera*, they smear over their Hives with wax, so that no eye can pry into the secrets of their workings, or be able to trace them in their
amorous

amorous stealths; if you doubt of this, you shall see it verified in the fourth Act of this our Tragicomedy, which we are now arrived at.

The *Band* being handsomly conjur'd away, the coast clear, and all the world at rest; our subtle *Matron*, after a short meditation, hath found out a way, if it succeed, not only to dissemble her joyful Treason, but to appear still innocent and faithful to her *Husband*; yea, yet farther, to invert the guilt upon him, and bring him at last to confess himself to have been in an error. This, you'll say, is somewhat difficult: but, remember she is a *woman* and in *Love*; and then you'll conceive it to be facil. Having formed the design, she delays not to put it in execution; Counterfeiting therefore, an appeal to the *Moon* (then newly risen above the verge of the Horizon) with a voice raised by degrees from a low whisper to a pitch high enough to reach the poor *Cuckolds* ears, she invokes her help and protection, in such verses as these.

*Sister of Jove, Queen Regent of the night,
From whom the meaner Stars derive their light,
Or*

Or wouldst be worships by great Juno's name,
 Joves Wife, or Sister, thou art still the same.
 That Sov'raign Dame, who art the Deity
 Of wedlock rites and femal Chastity.
 Why with auspicious Omens did I pay
 My Nuptial vows upon my Marriage day?
 If with an unconcern'd and even face
 Thou dost behold the Mischiefs of this place.
 And you bright Planets, Heavens unerring eyes,
 With which by night, he things on earth descries;
 You witnesses of my pure innocence,
 (Who yet, as Fudges, my hard fate dispense)
 Do n't you grow dimm with horror, thus to see
 A jealous Husbands causeless cruelty?
 See, naked, bound, and mangled here I grone,
 And expiate offences not my own.
 If then the vertuous you can thus torment,
 For these rewards, who would be innocent?
 Methinks, I now seem but my own pale Ghost;
 Beauty and Fame (a Womans soul) are lost.
 Though pure from Thought, or Act, yet wretched I,
 Must wear a face, that gives my heart the lie.
 Why live I thus? why does this mangled shape
 Confine that soul, which would so fain escape?
 To die is better, and one blow to give,
 Than rob'd of Honour, nay and Beauty, live.
 To die is best indeed; but, oh, the hands,
 That should performe my freer Wills commands,
 Alas, are fetter'd! —————

For death, when courted, from us then to flie,
Forcing to live, 'tis then he makes us die.

Ab, cruel Man! here thou hast torments found
Beyond these bonds, beyond this horrid wound.
Happy Lucretia, since thou could'st attest
Thy innocence, by piercing of thy breast;
Whilst thus expiring in thy Husbands arms,
Ev'n in thy death couldst gain more pow'rful charms.
Thou Chast art call'd, because thou couldst but die,
Whilst death to me doth that relief deny.

Thou Goddess wert severe unto thy Jove,
And Heav'n couldst purge from his unlawful love.
If to bad Women thou so just art known,
Wilt thou not vindicate one honest one?
Behold with pity, and do not despise (eyes.
Tears mixt with blood, which flow from mournful
Punish the jealous Man, and make him feel
The sad effects of his own cruel steel;
Shew him his crime, and what 'tis let him know,
T'offend a Woman, and a Goddess too.
At least be just, and my late form restore
With my lost fame, or let me be no more.

Having breath'd forth this supplica-
tion in a languishing tone, and made it
seem more patheticall by interposing
now and then a profound sigh or two
(and indeed of all our Passions none are
more

more easily counterfeited then *Zeal* and *Sorrow*) on a suddain changing the key of her voice into a confused murmur, and then to that of a civil conference, she dissembled a familiar Dialogue with the *Deity*, whose ayd she had newly implored : and in fine, as if her prayer had been heard, and her petition miraculously granted, with an elevated voice she makes an *Apostrophe* to her Husband, exclaiming against his prosperous tyranny in these words.

Ho, thou most barbarous of men, thou Fory in human shape; thy bloody rage against thy chastest wife hath prov'd thy own undoing. The mercy of the Celestial Powers hath overcome thy Cruelty, lest my virtue might suffer by thy undeserved and base suspicions. Now shalt thou be forced to confess, what thy impiety made thee doubt of, that I am innocent, and that

There is a God who sees and notes our deeds.

I am convinced, I am convinced; it is none but Juno, Protectress of conjugal Chastity, who compassionating my sufferings, hath by Miracle restored that amiable form of mine, which thou, distracted with jealousy, had'st destroy'd. Goe then

then, desperate Villain, and sheath that bloody knife of thine in thy own inhuman bowels; that so unworthy a wretch may no longer enjoy the happiness of so faithful and spotless a Wife. Having obtained so signal a favour from the immortal Gods, well may I contemn and bid defiance to the anger of a Mortal Man, especially one so wicked, so degraded by his crimes.—— O night! more illustrious than the brightest day. O hour! more fortunate than that of my birth.—— Now flow on, flow on officious Tears, but from a different passion. But, thou, execrable Hangman, sacrilegious Thief, hasten hither to be convinced of my purity, and thy crime; make hast, I say, that, if it be possible, thou maist make attonement for the innocent blood thou hast spilt, and for the sacrilege thou hast committed, and so in time appease the wrath of an offended Goddess. ¶

This triumphant Harangue arriving at the ears of the poor Cornuto, her Husband (whom disquiet of mind kept from sleep) it alarmd all his Faculties, and put him into so great a confusion, that giving but little credit to his sense, he lay a good while considering the pro-

probability of what he heard. At first he thought it an *Illusion* (since to Nature it is much easier to make a man dream impossibilities, than to effect them) and began therefore to feel if his Eyes were open, that he might thereby be certified, whether he were awake, or not. Then finding it to be no dream, and hearing his Wife continue her Speech, and denouncing a deluge of dire Judgments against him; his rage and jealousie began at once to give place to as vehement Fear and Remorse. Rising therefore hastily from his bed, and lighting a candle, down he goes, resolved to make his eyes judges of the truth of what he durst not believe upon the single testimony of his ears. Arrived at the fatal Pillar, the scene of such prodigious accidents, and beholding his Wifes face attentively, he found it perfect, and without the least sign of hurt, nay not so much as stain'd with a drop of blood; and her hands still tied as he had at first left them. Whereat astonish't, and persuaded in himself, that so supernatural an event, as the restoration of a Nose cut off, could not come to pass but by power *Divine*; he sunk down into an abhorrence

rence of his wicked fact, and of the no less abominable motive thereof, his jealousy; dreading withall some dire punishment from the just anger of the Gods. Then casting himself upon the pavement, in token of his sorrow and contrition, he washes out the bloody stains thereof with penitential tears. Which done, he kneels in adoration of so manifest a *Miracle*, and in humble but fervent prayers, begs pardon first of Heaven, then of his Wife (too wise to be inexorable) for the horrid effect of his outrageous Passion. Which when she, *good Soul*, had graciously promised upon a solemn vow of reformation of Manners on his part, transported with joy, he unties the cord, sets her at liberty, kisses her all over, and leads her to bed, there to seal his reconciliation to her, now a rare Example of unspotted Chastity. Thus, blest be the God of Love! Our witty *Matron*, hath at once recovered three most precious things, her *Nose*, her *Honour*, and her *Husband's Love*.

Not long after this happy conclusion or *Catastrophe*, the *Bawd*, well rewarded with a purse of money for her loss and secrecy, and hoping to mend her

fortunes by removing to a place of better trading; packs up her baggage, and marches away to the Court of *Comus*, King of the *Cimmerians*: where she now lives no small Favourite, and exercising her talent every day, in laying new designs, and managing the close intrigues of Love betwixt Ladies and their Gallants. Wherein long practice hath made her so excellent, that if any Woman in that Court, be she Maid, Wife, or Widow, please you; and if you commit the matter to her contrivement and intercession: you need not doubt the success.

As for the *Souldier*, though my *Author* sayes no more of him, but what I have recounted; yet, considering that he was a man of honour, a Son of *Mars*, it is not to be doubted, but that he continued secret and faithful to his *Venus*. Nor is it less probable that *She*, a gracious and obliging Mistress, continued to love him better, than she did her *Usurer*, notwithstanding her remission of his cruel usage, and readmission of him to her grace and favour. Whereupon I cannot at any time reflect, without acknowledging the goodness of *Proserpine*, in keeping her promise made

to the Lady *May* in *Chaucer*; which was this, in her answer to *Plato*, who would fain restore to *Fannary*, her Husband, his sight, that he might see his Esquire, *Damian*, making him *Cuckold* in a Pear-tree.

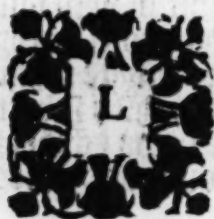
You shall (quoth *Proserpine*) and well ye so?
Now by my Mothers Soul, Sir, I swere,
That I shall yeuen her sufficient answere,
And all women after for her sake;
That though they ben in any gylte itake,
(cuse;
With face bolde, they shullen hemselfe ex-
And bere hem down, that wold hem accuse.
For lack of answere, non of hem shull dien;
All had he sey a thing with both his eyen:
Yet shoud we women so visage it hardely,
And wepe, and swere, and chide subtelly;
That men shall ben as leude as *Gees*.
What recketh me of your auctoritees, &c.

Explicit Historia, & sequuntur Mysteria Amoris.



T H E
 Mysteries and Miracles
 O F
 L O V E.

S E C T. I.



L O V E is a Ghest sooner entertain'd, than perceived; and yet sooner perceived than known, and much easier known than understood; better understood; than defined or described. As if it challenged only the Heart for its proper apartment, and disdained any remove up into the Brain: as if it took delight to be felt not shewn: as if being possessed the recesses of the heart, it feared to be ejected thence, if it once came neer the Tongue. Like Holy Writ, it ad-
 mits

mits of no Interpreter but it self: nor do we come to know it by either precepts or examples; but by *Infusion*. You may affirm safely, that *Cupid* is not only blind, but also dumb: making all parts of the body vocal, except the tongue. Hence it is, that Lovers are more eloquent in their sighs than in their words, as if no messengers were so fit to convey their sentiments, as their vital breath: and like *Paphian Doves*, they grone forth living Epistles. Nay, they discourse together silently by the rhetorick of their fingers, and weave dialogues in Chapters. By affable nods, and darted smiles, the vocal Ambassadors of desire; they treat about their union; and read each others Soul in glances. Their *Colloquies*, like those of Angels, are made by *intuition*: and they express themselves also, like them, not by the Intellect, but the *Will*.

Oblique intuens inde nutibus ———

*Nutibus mutuis inducens in errorem
mentem puella:*

*Et illa contra nutibus mutuis juvenis
Leandri, quod amorem non reppuit, &c.*

is *Musæus* his description of the Eye-
parly between *Leander* and *Hero*. Some-

times fixing their wandring countenances, as upon strangers, while they openly decline and renounce acquaintance, they become secretly familiar. Sometimes their contracted brows threaten displeasure; but at the same time they contract them with such sweetness, that they rather invite than discourage; and their very frowns are obliging. Sometimes their Souls interchangeably sally forth at their Eyes, and steal kisses at a distance; and then return home again triumphing in their invisible thefts. Thus both sides gain, yet neither loses; both lose and both gain. Their chief aim is, to be surprised: and yet their chief pleasure and glory is, not to be perceived. Thus that which is so often brought into the Theatre, flies all spectators, and acts in its own person. These Divine Confabulators, as if placed above the lawes of sense, by most certain Auguries divine each others wishes, and search each others heart without dissecting the breast. They are a kind of *Seers*, that behold the desires of their Correspondent, as it were spectres; which like *Catoptrical Images*, are not perceived but by the same art, that created them: or, like the Deities
of

of old issuing from their Statues, they inspire the person, to whom they speak; as if two Minds met to animate one Body, and conversed together with no less silence, than one uses to converse with it self alone. Of all our affections, this alone knows not to be expressed; and the sacred rites thereof (as those of the most ancient Gods of the Heathen) are performed in the dark. Though the passion be of it self innocent, yet it is alwayes conjoyned with secret shame: and the same blushes that betray our flame, strive to hide it.

*Alternò facies sibi dat responsa rubore,
Et tener affectum prodit utraque pudor;*

as that merry-conceited *Arnulphus*, *Episcopus Lexoviensis*, hath well expressed in a facete *Epigram* of his. Every Love hath its *Flammœum*, as well as *Hymen*: and at the *Elusinean* sacrifices both sexes are veild. All the Votaries of *Venus*, as well as her darling *Aeneas*, walk surrounded with clouds; and they frequent even publick Theatres invisibly. Nay *Cupid* himself, not contented with a single Veil, contrives also Ambushes for more secrecy: and oftner takes in Hearts by stratagem

and surprize, than by storm. Thus He that composed and maintains the World in order, left himself in confusion; dwelling in a retreat of the antient darkness, and primitive Chaos. ¶

SECT. II.

HIs *Mother* too avoids the light ever since he was born; as being as much ashamed of his childish treacheries, as offended with the Sun, for discovering her in the arms of *Mars*. She obscures her self in a Labyrinth, and admits no Eye to prie into her (loset: nay, in her chiefest solaces she uses to shut her own eyes, as being jealous lest they should discover too much of her divinity. She is the true *Sphinx*, that subdues and destroyes by a Riddle: more, she makes every man a Riddle to himself, while being by contrary passions agitated, and hurried up and down by the flux and reflux of his own violent thoughts, he at once finds himself a *Captive*, and strives to be a *Conqueror*. And this the capricious Lad, her Son, assists her to effect; that we poor Mortals may believe, she was begotten betwixt the winds and waves in a Tempest.

No

No wonder then, if Love seem *Ænigmatical* and full of contradictions. It is not easily intelligible, how the same person can at the same time both *serve* and be *free*; have all his Faculties devoted to the pleasure of another, and yet preserve the command of his own Will; make an absolute resignation of himself, and yet pretend not only to Liberty, but to *Dominion*: and yet Love doth soon reconcile these repugnances; and bring his Subjects to govern by obedience, teaching them, like the Freedmen of some Roman Emperours, *obsequii titulo Dominis imperare*, to rule their Sovereigns will by observance of it, and alter their counsels by obsequiousness and complacency.

Nor is it less difficult to conceive, that one can die, and instantly revive again; yea, be *alive* and *dead* at once; or, like the *Phœnix*, build his own both funeral and vital fire, out of which he reassumes a more vigorous and Youthful Being, than what the flames consumed. Yet nothing is more frequent among Lovers; whom the miraculous Chymistry of Love, by a most pleasant *Palinogenesis*, restores from their ashes to their primitive state and forme.

A man would think at first, that no two things in Nature are more incompatible, more inconsistent, more reciprocally destructive, than those two contrary Passions, *Love* and *Hate*; the former causing *sweet* and *agreeable* motions in the spirits, and blood, and fibres of the Heart; the later, *unequal*, *harsh* and *offensive* ones: the one tending to *Complacency* and *Union*; the other to *Abhorrence* and *Flight*: the one aiming at the *Felicity*, the other at the *Destruction* of its Object: but upon a second and more serious consideration of the matter, he shall find, that in the breast of even the most ardent and refined *Inamourato* these two so professed *Enemies* are become not reconciled, but *Twins*, and those too not such as *Castor* and *Pollux*, rising and setting alternately, but like *Lazarus* and his *Brother*, growing together, so that one is not only an individual Companion, but also an *Appendix*, or rather an *integrant part* of his fellow. For, the *Servant* alwayes wishes his *Mistress* *less Happy* than she is, that so his affection may appear more pure, more sincere, and determined upon her *Person* alone. Is she *wise* and discreet; He presently reproaches

ches the Stars, that favour'd her with so strong a defence; as conceiving, that if her Brain were less sound, her Heart would be more tender, and that if she had less *wit*, himself would be less subject to her *Contempt*. Is she in *Health*, He secretly invokes *Fove* to afflict her with *Sickness*, that he may have that occasion to demonstrate his grief, his tenderness, his sympathy. Is she *Rich*, He cannot forbear to wish her in *Want*, that he might endow her with his *Fortune*. Is she at *Liberty*, He longs to see her a *Captive*, that he may merit her favour by hazarding all in her redemption. Is her *Fame* clear and immaculate; how glad would he be some licentious tongue would defile her Honour, that he might wash away the stains, though with his blood. Is her *Birth* and *Quality* noble; he would fain degrade her, that she might derive all her Dignity from the Generosity of his Love. In a word, in some sort or other He wishes her *Miserable*, that he may have the glory to *relieve* her, and that her own *Necessity* may draw, rather than his Courtship and Observance invite her to his embraces. He had rather be her *Sanctuary*, than her *Conqueror*. Now
is

is not here a certain *Malignity* mixt with *Benevolence*; *Zeal* tempered with *Hate*; *Inhumanity* proceeding from excess of *Kindness*; *Cruelty* conjoyned with the greatest *Charity*: Yet such is the Constitution of Love. *Cupid* has no darts headed with pure Gold. What God soever made and tipped his Shafts, served him as the *νεμερδαίνων* (as *Rivaltus* calls him) the treacherous Artist did *Hiero*, King of *Syracuse* in casting his Crown, put in a great deal of Copper among the Gold. Which is perhaps one reason why the wounds of Lovers are so painful and apt to fester; it being the nature of Brass to ulcerate and breed Cancers. I think it therefore no blasphemy against the so much adored Divinity of Love, to affirm, that it always hath some alloy of that Devil, *Malice*: and that no *Man-love's* without *Indignation*. Especially when I reflect upon this, that the torments he suffers cannot but force him even against his will to execrate his fair Tormentor; to be angry with the Thief, that robb'd him of himself; to wish that bright flame obscured or extinct, that burns his wings, though, like the foolish Butterfly, he at the same time ceases not to flutter about it, and
(as

(as a Modern Wit finely expresses it) *beato frui necis autore*, to enjoy his Murderer. Nor is it the poor neglected and despised Lover, that alone hath reason to complain of, and reproach his Mistress; even the most prosperous and triumphant feels disquiet and anguish enough to cause *Regret*, which is a kind of *Anger*.

———— *Dolor, querela,
Lamentatio, lachryma perennes,
Languor, anxietas, amaritudo,
Aut si triste magis potest quid esse,
Hos tu das comites Næra visa;*

was the complaint of a Lover in *Plautus*, even after victory: and *Poets* themselves, none of the severest censurers of this Heroic passion, call it *suavem amariciem, dolentiam delectabilem, hilare tormentum*. Nay, old *Plautus* so far condemned it, as he could not hold from crying out, *Credo ego, ad hominis carnificinam Amorem inventum esse*. If Love then be so full of gall and anxiety, who can suffer it without secret detestation? who without reflecting upon the Author of his perturbations with displeasure and offence. Certainly the most gentle, the most patient, the sweetest temper, when urged and provoked

yok'd by these inward gripes and pangs,
will hardly be able to refrain from ex-
claiming, with *Phadria* in *Terence*

— O *Thais*, *Thais*! *utinam esset mihi.*
Pars aqua amoris tecum; ac pariter fieret,
Ut aut hoc tibi doleret idem, ut mihi dolet,
Aut ego istuc abs te factum nihili penderem.

What's more common among Lo-
vers, than thus to wish their torments
transplanted from their own into their
Mistresses breast? and is not that to
curse them? which the most savage na-
ture would not do without *indignation*.
It was not without good reason then,
that *Aristotle* (2 *Rhetor.*) placed Love
in the *Irrascible* part of the Soul; nor is it
out of affectation of being Paradoxical,
but Zeal to Truth, that I have
here asserted, That no man can Love
without *indignation*, which will appear
somewhat more perspicuous, if we con-
sider, that *indignation* is always accom-
panied with either *Commiseration* or *Ir-
rision*. For, to do evil, is in some sort to
suffer evil; and therefore some men,
when they observe any one to do evil,
joyn to their indignation against, a Com-
miseration for the doer, while others on
the

the same occasion, mix Irrision with their Indignation; according as they stand well or ill affected to the person doing amiss; so that the laughter of *Democritus*, and the weeping of *Heraclitus* might proceed from one and the same cause; and Commiseration, which is a degree of *Love*, may go hand in hand with Indignation.

SECT. III.

ANother of *Love's Problems* is this; that the most happy Lovers find their very enjoyments unsatisfactory, their joys insincere. To them it is difficult, to love; not to love, more difficult; most difficult to be possess'd of what they love. Be the *Saint* never so propitious, never so obliging; still the *votary* continues his supplications, his importunity, and not contented with all she can grant, or he receive, he seeks for more. The miserable Mind is afflicted no less with the *success*, than with the *vehemence* of its desires; and like the *Misers*, continues poor in the midst of Wealth; after a feast it riseth empty, retaining that sweet torment, *inspirare & cupere*. As it they had as
little

The Mysteries and Miracles

little use of their Memory, as of their Reason and Will, forgetting the shortness, the emptiness of past enjoyments, they furiously hunt after more. *Memoria minimum tribuit, quisquis spei plurimum.* Every one puts a higher value upon his *Hopes*, than upon his *Attainments*. As their desires so afflict, that they at the same time please and delight, so their joys are infested with such calamities, that they excruciate. Here (if you please) let us stand a minute or two, and consider how this can be. The passion of *Joy* (you know) always follows upon a tickling of the senses by some agreeable object; and its contrary *Grief*, upon the offence and grating of them: and yet *Grief* may sometimes be sustain'd with joy; and there are, on the other side, some certain titillations that offend. But the true reason why *Joy* ariseth for the most part from *titillation*, I conceive to be this; that the pleasure of all sensation consisteth in the Objects causing in the Nerves and Brain some motion, which might violate and hurt them, in case they were not firm and tense enough to resist it; This resistance makes upon the centre of the brain an impression, which
being

being instituted by Nature, to signify and attest the good constitution and strength of the Nerves, represents the same to the *Soul* as a *Good* pertaining to her, so far forth at least, as she is conjoyn'd to the Body; and by that means excites *joy* in her; the same reason serves also to explain, why naturally it is pleasant to every man, to feel himself commoved to all sorts of Passions, yea even to sadness and hatred, when those Affections arise only from the various events represented in Theatres, or other the like subjects, wherein he is not concerned. Which, because they can no way harm us, seem to tickle the soul by touching her. And *Pain* ordinarily produceth *Grief*, because that offense of the sense, which is called *Pain*, riseth from some Action so violent, as to hurt the Nerves: of which the soul instantly becoming sensible, looks upon it as an *Evil* extending to her also, and thereupon is affected with *Grief*; unless in some such cases, where she is strongly diverted by expectation of a greater Good from that Evil. As *Martyrs* have exulted in their torments, not that they were insensible of them, but because their souls were possessed with

a confident hope that those short pains would produce eternal pleasures.

Upon this consideration perhaps, or some other not much different from it, it was, that *Seneca* thus expostulates with his dear *Lucilius*, about his immoderate sorrow for the death of their common Friend, *Flaccus* (*Epist.* 63.)

Quæris unde lamentationes, unde immodici fletus? per lachrymas argumenta desiderij quarimus: & dolorem non sequimur, sed ostendimus. nemo tristis sibi est. est aliqua & doloris ambitio. The summe whereof is this, that we find a certain pleasure in Grieving; and that that pleasure is grounded upon *Ambition* (which is neerly allied to *Love*) to make it known to others, how well we loved that for which we grieve. To bring all this to our present argument, You see then, that Joy and Grief are no 'a *u*cate, no incompatible Passions, no such Enemies but that sometimes at least they may dwell together in one breast. If so, why may not the Joys of Lovers be commixt with Grief? why may not their Fruitions be unsatisfactory? I could fill a whole Page with the names of such, whose flames raged more by extinction, and whose love

was so far from languishing, that it grew more strong and violent by the possession of its object. *Cupid* is the son of *Venus*, you know: and nursed by his Mothers Milk; and our friend *Chaucer* therefore wisely fixes the *Epoche* of *Aeneas* and *Dido's* love on the *Jubile* they celebrated in the Cave, whither the tempest of Thunder and Lightning had forced them to retreat.

And shortly fro the Tempest her to save;
 This noble Quene fled into a Cave.
 And with her went this *Aeneas* also;
 I wot not, with them if there went any mo.
 The Auctour maketh of it no mention.
 And here began the deep affection (rowe
 Betwixt hem two. this was the first mo:
 Of her gladness, and ginning of her sorowe;

The *Reason* is, that the Lover, apprehending no fruition total, no possession intire, supposeth some further good in the object, than what his former enjoyment made him acquainted withall: nor doth he propose to himself meerly a Continuation of the Good he hath enjoy'd; because whoever wisheth the continuation of a Good, considers it not as a thing present, but to come, and con-

sequently as a thing which yet he doth not know ; for no man can know what is not. So that the *wandering* Love, which hunts after variety, and the *Constant*, that is determined and fixt upon one individual object, are twins of the same birth, and have one and the same original: the latter affecting *Novelty* no less than the former. Here's all the difference; one pursues Novelty in a single person: the other in a multitude: but both are equally insatiate. *O infelicem stultitiam ! O insaniam voluntariam !* what strange infelicity is this, *voti compotem voto non posse frui*, to have, and at the same time to want? The Covetuous mans curse, is to possess and not enjoy: the Lovers greater to enjoy and not enjoy ; *utpote cui majora, quam quæ tota simul indulgeri fas sit, gaudia quaruntur*. The wise man (*Ecclesiasticus* 30. and 20.) describing the misery of the one, compares it to the other: βλέπων ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖς καὶ στενάζων, ὥσπερ εὐνύχῃ περιλαμβάνων παρθένον καὶ στενάζων, as the *Septuagint*. he beholds his treasure with greedy eyes, and sighs, as an *Eunuch* embraceth a Virgin and sighs, sighs most bitterly. So our Lover sighs, and enjoys, and still sighs. And to speak strictly

strictly, in this sense *Hercules* himself, who deflowred fifty Virgins in a night, was but an *Eunuch* for all that, so we are all, and our Ladies *Virgins*; we embrace and sigh; still unsatisfied, still coveting, *quod nec assequi, nec scire datur*, more than the nature of the thing can afford.

Notwithstanding this imperfection of our chiefest solace, I am so far from accusing Nature of improvidence or unkindness, in making Love of this composition; that on the contrary, I judge it to be an argument of her *Wisdom* and *Indulgence*. Because our pleasure is endeared by its being incomplete; and our appetite would soon be turned into loathing, if once satiated.

πάντα γὰρ ἐπιθυμία πέπνυται βρ ἤρ', ὅταν λάβῃ
χέρον, ἐπειδὴ τῇ φύσει τοῦτο συνέσπασται; is a
Maxime of the *Indian Gymnosophist*, in
his speech to *Alexander the Great*, re-
corded by *Palladius de Bragmanibus*,
not long since set forth by the learned
Knight [Sir Edward Bisse, Clarencieux
King at Arms. To this purpose it was
most elegantly said by a modern Wit,
writing upon the same subject; *huic af-
fectui sollicitè, prospexit Numen, dum
gaudio immiscuit tremorem & sollicitu-
dinem,*

dinem, ut delicatior exiret voluptas. All desire indeed, is grounded upon want, and want implies imperfection: yet the desire whereof we are now speaking, being mostly an effect of fulness, hath such a *hilaritas*, such a *complacentia* annex'd to it, that few complain of it as an imperfection. Nor are there many of *Plato's* mind in this particular, who (as *Marsilius Ficinus* in his life) thought it enough only once to sacrifice to Nature. Most are as much pleas'd to possess this desire, as to satisfy it: yea, to speak freely, the desire is it self some satisfaction; *aquali voluptate afficiunt, & quod adest jam, & quod futurum speratur; nam dulcis desiderii dens interim mordet, & dum periculum facis, speras;* was the merry *Lucians* saying to his *Theomnestes* in *Agrolas*. And I am apt to believe, it was upon this very motive, that *Luther* openly professed, that without the *consolatiuncula creaturula* he could not live contented.

SECT. IV.

YET more *Anigmata*, more perplexing Difficulties in Love. This Affection, which composeth all other commotions of the soul, which reconciles Men, wild Beasts, and Philosophers, is yet at *variance with it self*; being founded upon a discordant connexion of unlike and asymbolical natures, it maintains its power by a civil Warre; and, like some pictures, varies its representations according to the different positions of the eye that speculates it, on one hand it carries the aspect of *Fear*; on the other, of *Magnanimity*: in one posture it appears *Blind*; in another, *sharp-sighted*; here a *Fool*; there *Wise*, &c. so that its picture cannot be drawn in one Image: and the spectator may easily be mistaken in its lines and features. To be particular.

When you see a languishing Lover, whose armes seem so tender and delicate, that you think them fit only for embraces; who exhales nothing but odours or sighs; who is strook down with the contraction of a brow, and wounded to the heart with the dis-

dainful glance of an eye: take heed notwithstanding, how you reproach him as a *soft, effeminate* and *pusillanimous* person. For, really he is *hardy, daring* and *adventurous*; he repines not at the tediousness or cold of nightly vigils; he inures himself to difficulties; like *Cæsar* posting from *Rome* into *Germany*, he despises the obstacles of the *Alps*, of frost and snow and overflowing rivers; he exercises his fortitude with submissively undergoing accumulated injuries; he defies dangers, nay, makes it a pleasure to create them in his imagination, and is gratified with the encounter of adverse accidents, as favours to his zeal; and arguments of his devotion, he neglects not only dress, but health; and, like *Candidates* for *St. Peters*, chair, or the Dukedom of *Venice*, thinks it advantageous to look faint, pale and meagre.

Nor ought you to accuse him of *Stupidity*, though you observe him to suffer Contempts and Affronts from his proud *Stratonice*, without just resentment. For, he (be you well assured) is wholly transmigrated into soul, become all spirit, retreated into that *Ætherial* particle of Fire, which is impassible,

passible, and can not be touch'd. If this seem less credible, be pleas'd to consider, it is the Religion of Love to overcome evil with good, to extinguish the fire of malice by the brighter flame of Charity; the Philosophy of this endearing Passion, to subdue hatred by submission and obsequiousness. Besides, our good-natured Gallant entertains, neglects & scorn, not with insensibility, but *discretion*: as well understanding, that injuries as they fade and die of themselves, when bravely despised; so they pass into Benefits, when received with gentleness and humanity. *A flint is broken on a feather-bed.*

Will you charge him with *Blindness*, because he discerns not the defects, the spots of his Mistress; but takes these for starres, and those for ornaments; and by a most obliging error gilds over her faults with the title of the neereſt virtues? Herein certainly you are no equal Arbitrer. You require a Cenſor, not a Lover; and in the place of true affection, you expect a ſevere judgement. It is a ſign of ill-nature in you, thus to envy him the pleaſure of an error, wherein he thinks himſelf more happy. Is it not lawful for him to impoſe upon

upon himself by such innocent fraud ? to form in his mind a more august image of her , whom he is resolved to contemplate and adore ? we account it an excellency in a Painter, to make his pieces fairer than the Originals ; and among the many praises deservedly ascribed to our incomparable *Mr. Lely*, this is not the least, that his curious pencil can at pleasure not only follow the finest lines of Nature, but sweeten them ; at once both imitate and excell the life. Why then do you condemn the same in a Lover ? it is indeed an excess in both ; of Art in one ; of Affection in the other : and, in my opinion, equally commendable. Imagination is unconfined even by Nature : and the very Extravagances thereof in love have been approved by *Venus* herself, in that she infused warmth and life into *Pygmalions Eburnea*. That, you'll say was a fiction : yet the Mythology may serve to justify our *Inamorato*. The life given to that Statue by the Goddess, was no other than the grace and beauty of the Figure, which *Appelles*, in his Pictures called the *Venus* ; which made it live in the estimation of those times, and admiration of posterity. *Lucian's Panthea* (in *Erôtes*) likewise, it

is probable, was no other than an Imaginary or Romantique Lady, made up of all the rare idea's of Beauty, and admirable endowments of mind, whereof humane nature is capable; for, his best Interpreters are at a loss in their conjectures, what divine Princess that was, whose glorious perfections he designed to celebrate under the veil of that Name: yet even learned and grave men are so highly pleased with the description and Character, that they equally admire his Wit, and her accomplishments, and scarcely abstain from rivaling him in both. If such admiration then, and applause be due to *Lucian's* Fancy; why do you deride that of our *Inamorato*, who thereby endeavours to form to himself such another *Panthea*? If he deceive himself, 'tis to his own misfortune, not your prejudice; yet how can we call that a misfortune, which he (the best judge in the case) esteems a Felicity?

But all this while the *Dimness* seems to be in your Understanding, not in his sight. His eyes are not put out, but only covered with a thin vail, through which they see more securely, more clearly; as we behold the Sun best through

through a skreen of clouds. You are to imagine them only contracted, as those to take aim, that they may discern more accutely and distinctly. Being fixt upon one object, and that a bright and charming one, they do not indeed so plainly perceive other things; yet not that they are weak, but because they loath them, and will not endure to be diverted: which is not to be dim-sighted, but to see *too much*. Again, if to Philosophize, be nothing but to contemplate *Idea's*; then to love, is to be a Philosopher. Yea, if every man loves so much as he understands (which was *Plato's* opinion) then dotage in love is an argument of Science.

You are too blame, therefore, if you think vehemency of desire to be a sort of *Madness*; or take our Lover for one *Infatuated*, only because his actions seem extravagant. Alas! what you call *Follies* in him, are the *Mysteries* of a Divine Fury, or Enthusiasm. Love inspires into the Mind a new Faculty of acting by a more certain and compendious way, than that of Ratiocination: all his Reason, like that art by which spiders weave their curious nets, and Bees Govern their Commonwealth, is
Instinct.

Instinct. His hand is not guided by the eye, when he shoots at human hearts ; but by the Divinity of his *Genius* : and therefore, though he never takes aim, he never misses the mark.

Impotens flammis simul & sagittis,

Iste lascivus puer ac renidens

Tela quam certo moderatur

arcu !

While we poor mortals regulate our affairs by Reason, which is a laborious faculty, and obnoxious to error ; it is the privilege of his Divinity, to be carried on by a quick and most certain *opini*, or *force*, to all his ends ; and, like the *Supreme Being*, he is wise without deliberation or counsel. It is not then the prerogative of *Fove* alone, *sapere & simul amare*, to be wise and to love at once. For if wisdom be, *scire quid sit optimum* ; then certainly a Lover is also wise, because he knows what's best ; *aliud enim* (as *Seneca*) *amare prater optimum, nefas est*. If after all this you will not allow him to be in his wits, pray consider what subtle devices, ambushes, stratagems, and artifices he invents and makes use of, to take in that strong and by open force impregnable fortress of his Mistress's heart. Cast
your

your eye upon those troops of Virgins, that are daily led Captives, as trophies of their Lovers wit and cunning : all which were of necessity to be deceived, before they could be taken, and by artificial violence to be drawn to their own desires. For, they love more, to be ingeniously beguil'd, than to be loved ; and the readiest way to bring them into the circle of your embraces, is first to circumvent them with pretty fallaces and amorous treacheries. Now he that can with neat address, unperceived snares, and harmless frauds bring this to pass ; either he is no *Fool*, or I am one to think him otherwise, and so was *Virgil* when he said — *quis fallere possit amantem ?* & *Mantuan*, when he said

Namq; dolos inspirat amor, fraudeſq; ministrat.

Nay, so far is this Passion from darkening the understanding, and casting a mist over the Eye of the Mind, that it rather *illuminates* and clears it. Witness that pleasant Story in *Boccace* (which he borrowed from the *Greeks*, and which *Beroaldus* hath translated into *Latin*, and *Beblius* turned into elegant verse) of *Cymon* and *Ephigenia*.

This

This *Cymon*, the Son of a Governor of *Cyprus*, was naturally so very a *Fool*, so stupid an indocil an *Ass*, that his Father being ashamed of his rude and idiot-like behaviour, sent him to be kept at a remote and solitary Grange of his in the Country. Where he walking alone, as his custome was, by chance espied a beautiful young Gentlewoman, *Iphigenia*, a Burgomasters Daughter of *Cyprus*, as she lay fast asleep with her Maid, in the cool shade of a little Thicket, with no envious cover, but a clean transparent Smock, that rather betray'd than conceal'd her excellent shape and whiter skin. At this surprising vision poor simple *Cymon* was astonisht; he stood leaning on his staff (for his legs were now unable alone to support his trembling body) gaping on this female Angel, unmoveable, and in a trance of wonder and amazement. Upon which Love immediately succeeding, and in a moment with its celestial raies dispelling all the foggs of his cold and phlegmatick brain, yea inspiring him as it were with a new and ingenious soul; he rowzd up himself; reflected upon the misery and dishonour of his late condition, and put on a sprightly resolution

to

to pursue his Nymph with Courtship and Gallantry, worthy her admirable Form, and his own noble extraction. To this purpose he the next day followed his retreating Fairy to the City, put on a becoming habit, and with it a graceful and obliging Mine : and animated with hope, industriously imploy'd himself in learning Musick, dancing, fencing, and acquiring all other good qualities requisite in a Gentleman. So that in a very short time he was transformed from an *Ideot*, a *Bartholmew-Cokes*, a Clown, to a *Bon Esprit*, a *Virtuoso*, a *Truitt*, in a word, to the most accomplish'd Gallant of the times: nor was *Iphigenia* so invincible to such assaulting perfections, as not by marriage of him to appropriate to her self the fruits of the Miraculous *Metamorphosis* the vision of her Beauties had wrought in him. Such power hath the sight of a fair Lady naked to cause Love; such power hath Love to cure the Lethargy of the Soul, and awaken it into Wit and Gallantry, making a *Heros* of a *Sott*, in fewer minutes than the Writers of Romances can in years. I say, a *Heros*; because the same *Cymon* proved also famous at *Arms*, fought sundry

fundry combats, performed many heroic exploits, and alwaies had Fortune for his Second: the same flame that enlightened his understanding, having heated his blood also, and kindled Courage and Magnanimity in his heart.

At this you will the less wonder, if you remember what you have read in *Cardan* (*lib. 2. de Sap.*) who there occasionally recounting many of the admirable effects of Love, says thus. *Ex vilibus generosos efficere solet, ex timidis audaces, ex avaris splendidos, ex agrestibus civiles, ex crudelibus mansuetos, ex impiis religiosos, ex sordidis nitidos & cultos, ex duris misericordes, ex mutis eloquentes, &c.* If you contemn this authority, I hope you will not dispute the Example of *Sir Walter Manny* in *Edward the thirds* time, who being stuck full of Ladies favours, fought like a Dragon: nor that of *Ferdinand King of Spain*, who (as *Castilio* thinks) had never conquer'd *Granado*, had not *Queen Isabella* and her Ladies been present at the Siege, it cannot be expressed, sayes our Author, what courage the *Spanish Knights* derived from the raies of the Ladies eyes; a handful of amorous Spaniards overcoming a multitude of

Moors. Every true Lover is wise, just, temperate and valiant, saith *Agatho* (*lib. 3. de Anlico*) who doubts not therefore, but if a Prince had an Army of such Lovers, he might soon conquer the whole world; except he met with the like Army of Inamorato's to oppose it. *Plato* then had reason, when (*5. de Legibus*) he would have women follow the Camp, to be both Spectators and Encouragers of noble Actions: it being his opinion, (*in convivio*) that *Mars* himself borrowed most of his valour from his love of *Venus*.

SECT. V.

HAVING beheld this *Proteus*, Love, in some of those various shapes, wherein it usually appears; you are (I presume) thereupon inclined to think it may be no less *unconstant* to its *Object*, than it seems to be to *it self*. To obviate this scandalous mistake, therefore, I find my self obliged in the next place to evince, that the Judgments of Love are, like those of Fate, *unalterable* and *perpetual*; that it is *constant* and *immutable*. He who can cease to love whom he hath once loved, doe's but dream he loved.

loved. For the conjunction of true Lovers hearts, like solemn Matrimony, admits of no divorce. When the Virgin *Zone* is untied, a knot is in the same instant knit, that can never be dissolved; sometimes, indeed, as the *Gordian*, it may be cut asunder. *Death* may be the *Alexander* to discind, but cannot untie it. Love ceases not, though what is loved hath ceas'd to be. When your Turtle hath molted all her beautiful feathers, and is grown old; you shall not cease to think her still the same, still amiable and youthful: and what of her charming features time hath impaired, your affection will continually renew; the pleasing Form now lost to your eye, shall be perpetually found fresh and lively in your mind. The fidelity of Remembrance shall countervail the cruelty of Age: which may by a natural Metamorphosis render your Wife a stranger to her former self, but hath not the more tyrannical power to alienate her from you. Nay, when *Fate* shall have torn her from your armes, even then shall you still retain and enjoy her in your imagination; you shall think her not dead, but only *absent*, and as often as you mix embraces with her

kind Ghost, you shall deny her to have perish'd. Love shall make you triumph over Mortality; and in the ardor of your spiritual fruition, you shall bid defiance to Destiny, crying out, *Though you have seperated us, O Fatal Sisters! you have not divided us; yet we converse together, yet we are a pair, from others you have taken away the Woman, from me not so much as her shadow. While she lived, we used but one Soul; now but one Body. Her Spirit is received into my breast, and there remains fixt, as in its proper Astorism and Heaven.*

Thus Love seems to perform its course, as the Sun, in a Circle, alwaies returning to the point whence it set forth; so ending in it self, as alwaies to begin. For, no man loves, who can ever be able to love either, less, or not at all. Of love there can be no end, because no satiety. Like Heaven and a contemplative Mind, it is perpetually in motion, never at rest: yet that labour doth not weary, but refresh. Thus the end of one benefit, is a degree toward another: and the Soul provoked by a double ardor, cherishes first the person, and then its own obligations; *ad amoris perennitatem sufficit amasse.*

Not-

Notwithstanding Love be thus immortal, as being the proper affection of an immortal Soul, and devoted to an eternal Object, Good: yet can I not deny, but it is a kind of *Death*. For, who is ignorant that Lovers die as often as they kiss, or bid adieu: exhaling their Souls upon each others lips. Like *Apollo's* Priests possessed with the spirit of *Divination*, they are transported out of themselves; their life is a perpetual *Extasie*; they devest themselves of their own Souls, that they may be more happily fill'd with others. I believe *Pythagoras* his *Metempsychosis* or Transmigration of his Soul, when he loved, not when he philosophiz'd. At sight of a fair and well built house, our souls, like delicate and proud Ladies, grow weary of ther own homely dwellings, and are unquiet until removed thither: because they were not born, they affect to live, yea to be born again therein. Longing for the Elyzium of their Mistress breast, the only Paradise for Lovers Ghosts, they break the prison of their own, and anticipate the delivery of Death, and fly thither, as to the place of their eternal mansion. Whoever thou art, that darest to doubt of

these excursions of amorous Souls; let me advise thee attentively to observe, how the Soul of a Lover almost visibly flies to that part of the body, which approaches neereſt to his *Panthea*. If they joyn hands, you may perceive their ſouls to be palpably diſtributed into their fingers, mutually to take hold, and entwine each with other. If they ſtand ſide by ſide, their bowels yern, their hearts leap for joy, their ſpirits flow in crowds into their breſts, and raiſing ſtrong palpitations, ſalute each other, as Clowns uſe to do, with *bumps*; as if they ſtrove to diſſolve the ligaments of life and intermix embraces. What kind of *Magique* is that, by which the blood is made to overflow the cheeks with crimſon waves; at the preſence of a dear friend; ſpringing up out of the Arteries of the wounded Heart, as an index of its ſufferings, no otherwiſe than the blood of a murdered man is ſaid to flow forth afreſh, to betray the Homicide? only with this difference, that the blood, in the caſe of *Murder*, flows, I know not by what inſtinct, for *revenge*: but in a *Lovers* bluſhes, for *cure* and *remedy* of his harm. See, how greedily his ſoul catcheth the ſounds of her voice;

voice; and retired wholly into his ears, stands there watching every accent, nay is converted into the sense of Hearing, or rather into the very sounds it receives. In exchanging words, they exchange spirits: and immigrate into the wishes they utter. See, how their wandering souls in a continual efflux sally forth at their encontring eyes; and consuming themselves in greedy looks, leave their bodies faint and liveless, many times falling into swoons and *Syncope*s. To Lovers it is the same thing, to speak, and to expire; the same, to see, and to ~~extramit~~ *extramit* themselves by the eye; to gaze, and to pass into the object. In them the *Platonic* opinion, that sight is performed by *Extramission* of rays holds true. Thus the whole Man hastning to get forth, crowds one while into the Ear, another into the Eye, sometimes into the Lips: *suavia dans Agathon, animam ipse in labra tenebam;* was *Plato's* confession of himself; living only in that part, wherein he at present enjoys his Fellow, his other and better half. Thus Love epitomizeth Human nature; compelling Men to breath and live more contractedly; and (like some imperfect Animals) to be

content with *one* sense alone. But thus to reduce him from a necessity of many Organs or Instruments of life, sense and motion, to a capacity of existing more delightfully by one single Organ; is not to maim Man, but render him more perfect and divine. We will therefore, if you please, conclude this *Paragraph* with a pertinent Stanza of that incomparable Critique in Love, old *Chaucer*: who in most lively and never-vading colours painting the surprize and astonishment of *Troilus*, (till then a Woman-hater) at first sight of the fair *Cresseide*, in her mourning habit, sparkling like a Diamond set in Jet; saith thus.

Lo, he that lete him selven so conning,
And scorned hem that loves paines drien,
Was full unware that love had his dwelling
Within the subtel streamis of her even;
That sodainly him thought he felt drien,
Right with her loke; the spirit in his herte.
Blessed be love, that thus can folke con-

SECT. VI.

IN such spiritual efforts and sallies, the *Body* indeed suffers a manifest, though a grateful *detriment*; but (what's a wonder even for wise men) the *soul* acquires *Augmentation*. For, as if she were also definable by *Extension*, being by a certain *expansion* more diffused than before, she that was originally the Guest of one breast, become's thenceforth the Governess of two. Confused betwixt two bodies, she scarcely knows for which she was first formed: but as it were suspended betwixt both, she perfectly informs neither. By one Law of Nature she is confined to one body; by another Law of the same Nature, *Love*, she is carried forth to animate and possess another, which she strives to make equally her own: so that in this case you are obliged to acknowledge both a *Diminution* and an *Increment* of her Sovereignty. Every *Individual* in love, is thenceforth a *Number*; carrying always with him, as *Antipheron* did, another *Himself*: if at least he may properly be said to be a Number, whom one computes, whom one distinguishes, whom

whom the word *Homo* alone expresses ; an *Hermaphrodite* and yet no *Monster*. By a fruitful error, to men in Love, as well as to men in Drink, all objects appear *double*: yet no otherwise than the eyes themselves are double, which have one and the same motion, one and the same sight. Here you see a kind of *penetration of Dimensions*, two persons so closely embracing, as to fill up the same space, as to become one, as to destroy their embraces ; for, embraces imply a difference. While, like *Ovids Hermaphrodite*, *Salmacis*, the person courting, and the person courted are one and the same, he knows not whether he love, or is beloved more truly ; nor doth he enjoy, but is converted into his wish. Ah, *Cupid*, thy very bounty is mockery ; thy favour, like that of *Grandees in Court*, hypocritical : while thou hidest within my breast, what I require to be in my arms. Thou art too propitious in making us one : rather divide us, that we may feel our selves to be what we would be, different in sex, one in will and desire. *Obstat cupienti, nimium frui*. To have her made the same with my self, whom I covet only as a Partner of my joys, is to prevent them.

them. This excess of kindness, this assimilation of another to my self, makes me think, I do not embrace my Friend, but a shadow; which always treads in my footsteps, and imitates all my motions. Stand farther from me, O my dearest, who art nearer to me than I am to my self; that I may enjoy that pleasure, which consisteth in the knowledge of a Distinction.

But, alas! I forget my self, and wish a Contradiction. The same power that makes one of two, makes also two of one. The Arithmetick of Love is performed as well by *subtraction*, as by *Multiplication*; nor do we think that *subtraction* a loss, but a *Compendium*; unless it be more advantage to have our strengths collected, than extended. Every thing (you know) is so much the more perfect, by how much the more simple. To be comprehended within no space or number, is the prerogative of the Deity: and what is *Best* and *Highest*, can be but *one*. Love, therefore, as it hath this Divine perfection of *Unity*; so hath it likewise that other of *Self-communication*. For, what is perfect, is incapable of addition or encrease otherwise than by Diffusion or Distribution

burion of it self. The only Usury of Love, is to make others rich. This Liberality of conferring ones self upon another, is the only good Mankind can justly call his own, and the first Donative of Heaven. Other things are the gifts of Fortune, which we can no more give, than the light of the Sun, or the common aer; nay, which we have scarcely right enough to appropriate to our selves. Whoever loves, then, comes neerer to the *Divine Nature*; as placing his chief delight in doing good, in making another happy. Hence it is, that as Men of youthful and strong Bodies are naturally desirous to beget issue of their Loins: so those of great and vigorous abilities of Mind feel in themselves a certain noble ardor, that incites them to beget children of their *understanding*, a pregnancy of the *Brain*, and most chaste Lust of propagating *virtue*; which is commonly named *Platonique Love*. Wherefore, Love is, in this respect at least, so far from proceeding from *want* (as *Mr. Hobs* derives it) that on the contrary it is the effect of *wealth* and *abundance*. Nor ought we longer to complain of Nature, as close-handed and niggardly in her Gifts to Mankind,

Mankind, since she hath been so indulgent and bountiful in instituting this ingenious *commerce*, whereby every one both communicates himself, and receives another (for, by Love we do not sell, but *exchange* ourselves) yea transfers into his own treasury whatever is excellent and divine in another; being adopted heir to anothers riches, he becomes more accomplished by endowment, and in another supplies his own defects. This *Munificence* of Love in communicating whatever it thinks good and delectable, is evident even in the delight of *sensual Fruition*, which being a pleasure consisting in a conjunction not only of two Persons of different sexes, but also of two different Appetites in each Person; *viz.* to *please*, and to be *pleased*; and the former of these two Appetites being an Affection of the Mind consisting in the Imagination of power to please: it necessarily follows, that each party becomes so much the more joy'd or pleased in himself, by how much the more able he finds him to please or cause joy in the other. So that they rival each other in the *Communication* of delight. The same may be said also of *Platonique* Love, or generous *Charity*;

Charity; the delight whereof consisting likewise in the exercise of ones *power* or ability to enrich the understanding of another, and imprægnate his Mind with the seeds of Virtue: the *Socrates* must be so much the more delighted in his own Mind, by how much the more he finds the *Alcibiades* better'd by his instructions. Here's all the difference, the delight of *sensual* Love depending partly upon the powers of the Body, is therefore furious, short of duration, and subject to decay: the *Platonique* depending solely upon the Mind, whose powers are perpetual, is therefore calme, of one equal tenour, and everlasting.

Here finding my boat unexpectedly brought upon the blessed coast of the *New Atlantis*, or terrestrial Paradise, *FRIENDSHIP*, where the aer is perpetually clear and serene, the sea pacific, and the land spontaneously fertil; a place wherein nothing is found but *Consolations*, whose King, *Altabin*, is a wise man; whose peaceful inhabitants are rich in their contempt of all pecuniary Commerce within themselves; where the *Tirzan*, or true *Father of the Vine*, *Love*, composes all differences, and extinguishes all animosities; and where the

the Sons and Daughters of *Bensalem* live in perfect amity and concord: being come, I say, to this happy Port, give me leave my *dear Friend*, here to cast anchor, and end my voyage. I had designed to sail farther, to discover what that wonderful *something* in *Love* is, which we observe to be more powerful than all Calamities, more august than Honour, more splendid than Riches, more delightful than Pleasures, more sovereign than Empire, more venerable than Authority, more charming than Beauty, more illustrious than Wisdom; that for which we contemn and trample upon all those glorious things, so much either feared, or adored by the world; yea, for which alone we do not contemn, but esteem and worship them: that, which so fully pleaseth alone, that even the vilest things please for the sake thereof; which enjoye's this privilege of *Majesty*, that nothing can turn to its dishonour; which is above the reach of Infamy, and can honest even vice it self. But, perceiving the Needle of my Cogitations, no less than that of my Affections, to fix it self on that point of the Compass, wherein you and I seek for Happiness in this life, our constant

Friendship:

Friendship: I confesse, my Mind is so intirely taken up with the ravishing Contemplation thereof, that I cannot at present divert it to prosecute what I intended to speak, concerning several other admirable and stupendious effects of this *Heroick Passion*; whereof I have here drawn no perfect Picture, but only a rude *Scetch*, or rather a few gross and confused *lines*, by way of supplement to Your more artificial Representation of it, in your *Ephesian Matron*. Let us, therefore, now (if you please) goe ashoar, and repose our selves in the newly mention'd Island of *Bensalem*, (where though we be not advanced to the honour of being Fellows or Brethren of *Salomons House*; yet we may be well received into the *House of strangers*) reserving what remains untouched of our Argument for another divertisement; and in the mean time, with our dearly beloved *Don Geffrey*,

Beseeching every Lady bright of hewe,
 And every gentil woman, what she be,
 Albeit that our *Matrons* were untrue,
 That for that gylte ye be not wroth with me.
 Ye may in other *Bookes* their gylte se.
 And gladder I would write, if that ye lesse,
 Pene:opes truth, and faith of good *Alceste*.

He saie I nat this all only for these men,
But most for women that betrayed be
Through fals folke (God geue hem sorowe,
That with great witte and subtiltie (amen)
Betraien you; and this mebeth me
To speke, and in effect you all I praise, (say.
Bethe ware of men, and herkeneth what I
But God forbid, but a woman can
Ben as true and loving as a man.
For it is deintie to us men to fynde.
A man, that can in love be trewe and kind.

Thus endeth now my tale, and God us sende
Taling enough unto our liues ende. ◀

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